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ZILCAADI.

In this number we present our readers with an engraving of the Arabian horse Zilcaadi, belonging to Mr. Senator Johnston, of Louisiana, presented by the Sultan to Mr. Rhind. (See his letter, p. 571, vol. iii.)

This engraving, taken from a painting by Mr. Smith, very nearly represents the form and figure of this fine animal. He is a chestnut, with a soft and fine coat, and has four white legs and a star. He has, in the view of a connoisseur who closely examined him, "the points that particularly distinguish his race. The broadness and squareness of the forehead, the shortness and fineness of the muzzle, the promi-

nence and brilliancy of the eye, the smallness of the ear and the beautiful course of the veins that characterizes the head of the Arabian.

"The softness of the hair, the fineness of the legs, the great development of muscle, and the beauty of the head, indicate the family to which he belongs. Like them, he is small, but compact, with high withers, short back, and the shoulder blade thrown back. He has the sinew, bone and muscle of a horse of fifteen and a half hands. The arm is large, the legs thin and delicate, the fore leg a little sprung and very short from the knee to the fetlock behind, the hock has great breadth, the leg short and in an oblique position."

His disposition is docile; although full of spirit he has been perfectly well broken,—he walks, trots, paces and canters with ease, and all his motions are graceful.

What most distinguishes this horse is the fineness of the coat, the compactness and symmetry of the form, the beauty of the head, and the docility of temper.

There are some defects to the eye, and some peculiarities in his figure, which will be seen by the engraving and the annexed measurement.

Measurement of Zilcaadi, made on Saturday, July 7, 1832, under the inspection of Henry Thompson, Esq.

Height one-eighth of an inch under 14 hands.	Ft.	In.
From the point of the withers to the coupling of the loin,	1	3
From the withers to the point of the shoulder,	2	3
From the point of the shoulder to the ground,	3	4
From the coupling of the loin to the root of tail,	1	7
Length of the head,	2	0
From the crown of the head to the throttle,	1	5
From the crown of the head to the withers,	2	8
Between the eyes,		7½
From the hip to the fetlock joint,	4	2½
From the fetlock to the ground,		6½
Breadth of the hock,		6
Girth, from behind the withers,	5	6
Round the arm,	1	7¼
Round the fetlock,		7½
Round the fetlock joint,		10½
The shoulder points, across his breast,	1	4½
Around his nose by the curb chain,	1	5
Around the fore knee,	1	0
Around the hock,	1	4

Mr. Rhind imported four horses:—Stamboul, bought by Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, is very much approved, and has made a very profitable season.

Kocklani has also gone to Kentucky.

We add an extract of a letter from a very intelligent correspondent, which contains a description of Yemen, the last of the four, standing in North Carolina, and of him too in a future number we expect to present a likeness. It will be observed how much these horses resemble each other in all the distinguishing points.

“I visited Yemen a few days since, and have concluded to send you my observations on that son of the desert. The first impression was not favorable; he did not come up to my expectations, but his points are good, and he improves upon acquaintance. He is a grey, dark mane, tail, legs and hoofs—this last is a great recommendation. His head and ears are perfect, and could not be improved; his neck large, but in good shape, and has no appearance of coarseness along the chest; his shoulders though good do not show to advantage; the shoulder-blades are broad and long, reaching to the top of the withers, but they are well placed, and the muscles that attach them to the body are good; his arm is lean, but muscular; the bones of his legs strong, broad and flat; the tendons particularly large and good; his back bone and the muscle lying along it are both large; his loin, croup and quarters are perfect; through the stifle he is both broad and thick, which makes him very good and strong in that part; his body round, but lean, which I presume is the case with all horses raised on dry food, and that principally grain; the inside thigh is lean as you near the hock, but does not seem to want strength; his fetlocks strong, and a little coarse; his feet good; he has good length of body, and has, I suspect, great stride for a small horse. Although not so beautiful as I had expected, yet as a stallion I approve of him highly, and shall breed from him, and I have no question that his stock will be comparatively large. He has the bone, sinew and muscle of a horse of $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands, and if he had been bred in this country I have no doubt he would have been about that height.”

This horse, we understand, has been well patronised, and we shall soon have the descendants of these horses upon the turf, which may cross again with the other horses, and thus procure mares of nearly full Arabian blood. The failure of some Arabians in this country has discouraged many from breeding from them. We subjoin a letter from our correspondent quoted above, upon this subject. He is well informed with regard to the blood and performance of horses in Europe and America, and perfectly disinterested. [This letter will be given in our next.]

MISTAKE CORRECTED AS TO FLYING CHILDERS' SPEED.

MR. EDITOR:

Totness, Columbia, S. C. June 15, 1831.

In the ninth number of the second volume of the American Turf Register, there is a memoir of Flying Childers which contains statements of his running, some of which are so absolutely contradictory and erroneous that I hope you will admit a few observations which I have casually made.

"Flying Childers is stated to have run against Almanzor, over the round course at Newmarket, three miles six furlongs ninety-three yards, in six minutes forty seconds, to perform which he must have moved eighty-two feet and a half in one second of time, or nearly at the rate of one mile in a minute." Now if you will take the trouble to make a calculation according to the above statement, you will find that Childers ran at the rate of only 50 79-400 feet in a second of time, or a mile in one minute forty-five seconds and a fraction.*

The next statement, (which involves no mistake,) is that Childers ran over the Beacon course four miles one furlong one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes thirty seconds. This running would be at the rate of 49 8-25 feet in a second of time, or a mile in one minute forty-seven seconds. This, Mr. Skinner, is fast running, but, I ask for information, have we not had in America running not very inferior to this? I have myself always been incredulous on the subject of Childers running a mile in one minute four seconds, which he must have done if he went eighty-two and a half feet in a second of time. Childers, (in the account referred to,) is stated to have leaped twenty-five feet at a leap. This is credible, for it was done by Crusader in Charleston, in the race in which he beat Ariel. But it does appear incredible that any horse should repeat this leap three times in a second. Now in order to get over eighty-two feet and a half in one second, Childers must have done this and yet lacked seven feet and a half.

Should you think this communication worth insertion, perhaps it may elicit some facts relative to the subject, and I may trouble you again. With wishes for the continued success of your useful periodical, to which I am a subscriber,

I remain your ob't serv't,

C. T. H.

*Timoleon, by Sir Archy, at three years old, won, *with ease*, a sweepstakes at Newmarket within two seconds of Childers' time, one minute forty-seven seconds, and one minute forty-eight seconds.

The following account of this unrivalled horse is extracted from Dobson's Encyclopedia:—

"At Newmarket there are two courses, the long and the round; the first is four miles and about three hundred and eighty yards—*i. e.* seven thousand four hundred and twenty yards; the second is six thousand six hundred and forty yards. Childers, the swiftest horse ever known, has run the first course in seven minutes and thirty seconds, and the second in six minutes forty seconds, which is more than at the rate of forty-nine feet in a second. But all other horses take at least seven minutes fifty seconds, in completing the first and longest course, and seven minutes the shortest."

HORSES OF OLDEN TIME—KING HIRAM.

King Hiram stood in Prince George's county, Maryland, in the year 1817, at \$20 per mare, the season. He was a horse of great bone and sinew, full fifteen hands two inches high. His blood is as pure as that of any horse in the world, having all his crosses of the very highest grade, and nearly connected with almost all the distinguished horses of that era, so famous in the annals of the turf; as will appear from his pedigree, given in a certificate by William Thornton, Esq., of which the following is an extract:

"I certify that my imported horse *King Hiram*, was gotten by the capital running horse Clay-Hall; his dam by the Prince of Wales' famous running horse Rockingham; his grandam (the dam of Little Flyer,) Yarico, by Eclipse; his g. grandam Fidget, by Spectator; his g. g. grandam Gaudy, by Blank, (which was by the Godolphin Arabian;) his g. g. g. grandam Blossom, by Crab; his g. g. g. g. grandam by Flying Childers; his g. g. g. g. g. grandam Miss Belvoir, by Grant-ham; his g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Paget Turk—Leedes' Arabian—Spanker, &c. &c.

"Clay-Hall was by Clay-Hall Marske, out of Rutilia, own sister to the dam of Highflyer. Clay-Hall Marske was by Marske, the sire of Eclipse; his dam by Regulus. Clay-Hall ran successfully in 1784. After he won the Jockey stakes, 15 subscribers, 100 guineas each, Beacon course, Mr. Dowson, his owner, refused five thousand five hundred guineas for him. He beat, in a match, Sergeant, own brother to Dungannon, for 400 guineas.

"King Hiram was put in training by the late Col. Hoomes, found to be of great speed, and extraordinary bottom; but, catching the colt's distemper, he was taken out of training and put to covering. When *well*, he was tried against Mercury, a famous running horse, and beat him with great ease."

He is said, by Mr. Thornton, to have got some capital runners in Georgia, where he stood at David Martin's, Saundersville, Washington county.

All this is certified to by "William Thornton," in the spring of 1817, and I obtained this much concerning Hiram from an advertisement of him by Nathaniel Crawford, and handed me by a gentleman who took the trouble to preserve *it* from the general dissolution, that about that time threatened the history of the racehorse, or, at least, extinction of the animal, if not the history of its race. It is perhaps the only notice now extant of Hiram, and it, for it bears the traces, no doubt was snatched from the knarled trunk of some

Aged oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.

PERFORMANCES OF CRUSADER.

This brilliant ornament of the American turf, stood the last, and we suppose will the next, season in Tennessee. The performances of his get in Carolina, where they will make their *debut* next spring, will be noticed with lively concern, by the many who now have a stake in his blood. If reference be had to his own appearance and achievements, the most honourable results may be anticipated for his progeny.

The Reverend H. M. Cryer, who has the superintendence of him, speaking in the ardour of his admiration, and charging his picture, as we may suppose, with a little of the *couleur de rose*, thus gives the last touch to his portrait of this distinguished horse:

"I can only say to the public, *come and see*; and even though your sight may not be blasted with an excess of beauty, and of might, and majesty—still you must declare,

'————— take him for all in all,

We ne'er have looked upon his like *before*.' "

Of his performances he gives the following account, as derived from Col. Singleton:—

Columbia, S. C. Dec. 15, 1831.

I hereby certify, that the chestnut stallion Crusader, now in the possession of the Rev. H. M. Cryer, and by him to be carried to Tennessee, was bred by me, and gotten by Sir Archy; his dam my favourite and celebrated race and brood mare Lottery, by the imported Bedford, her dam the imported mare Anvilia, by Anvil, out of Col. O'Kelly's celebrated brood mare Augusta, by his stallion Eclipse. See Turf Register for the pedigree of Sir Archy and Anvilia in full. Lot-

tery was a fine chestnut, strong and well proportioned, with fine action and admirably calculated for the turf and as a brood mare, and in her day had no equal on the Charleston turf. I ran her twenty-two races, many of them four mile heats, in which she was always successful, having never been beaten but once, which was the first race she ran, two mile heats, and then by accident.

She proved a first rate breeder after her brilliant success on the turf; as an evidence of it, her progeny would now command upwards of twenty thousand dollars. Her foals generally are large, strong and handsome, and all of them that were trained performed well from two to four mile heats.

Crusader I consider to be the largest and best of her sons; indeed, I doubt very much whether he has his equal in England or America. His matchless size, blood, figure, performance and get will recommend him to the notice of all well informed breeders.

At three years old, I trained him with Ariel, of turf notoriety, and intended to run him for the splendid cup and cover at Charleston, but it was not offered and I did not run him, nor did I run him that season. During the whole of his training with Ariel there was no time that he did not evince a decided superiority over her.

At four years old, I ran him at Manchester for a silver cup, two mile heats, against Sally Taylor, Multiflora, and Colonel Richardson's Sir Archy, Jr.; the first heat Crusader did not contend for, the course being very wet and soft, and he carrying ten pounds over his weight, which was won by Sally Taylor; the second heat he distanced Sally and Multiflora, and the third heat Sir Archy, Jr. He then went to Charleston, and met Ariel, in the hands of Col. Wynn, in a contest, four mile heats, beating her in fine style at two heats, his rider not being able to command him in either heat, after going six hundred yards, sufficiently to make the race an interesting one to the public; and on that day he was, in my opinion, not equalled by any horse in America,—his stride when extended was from twenty-five to twenty-six feet. During the same week, he met Ariel again in the handicap race, three mile heats, the stewards giving her twelve pounds in riding; evidently showing, in their opinion, his decided superiority over her; with this advantage I was induced to run him, knowing that her speed could not be brought up to him, and that I had nothing to fear from the contest but an accident. He unfortunately struck in a soft part of the course, within six hundred yards of the starting post, from which he received an injury in one fore leg and did not run out the heat.

I have bred from Sir Archy and many of the most celebrated imported horses for the last twenty-five years, and I give it as my deci-

ded opinion, that Crusader's colts are superior to those I have ever bred from any other stallion. In him are united all the superior qualities for making the most valuable stock horse in America, either for the turf, or the general purpose of the country. He was eight years old last spring.

RICHARD SINGLETON.

GENERAL KOSCIUSKO'S HORSE.

The celebrated Polish general, Kosciusko, once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and, as he hesitated to send them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltuer, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. Young Zeltuer said to Kosciusko, that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat, and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and, as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make a motion as if I were given something, in order to satisfy the horse." This beautifully turned compliment is taken from a Polish journal. A higher eulogy could hardly be pronounced on the hero of the tale.

SAGACITY AND FIDELITY.--Professor Kruger, of Halle, relates the following instance of the sagacity and fidelity of the horse. "A friend of mine," says he, "was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family had retired to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened, than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, who led him directly to the spot, where his master lay on the ground in a faint."

Miss Pond rode one thousand miles in a thousand hours, at Newmarket, in 1758. She was a relative of the publisher of the Sporting Calendar, in Oxendon street, and she was backed to perform this feat by the Duke of Queensberry, then Lord March. She was, however, allowed to do the thousand miles on as many horses as she chose, without regarding time. She did the match in twenty-eight days, and two-thirds of the time on one favourite horse. The lady took her rest regularly at night, and rode in the daytime forty or fifty miles.

THE CUB MARE, AND HER DAUGHTER SLAMMERKIN—MISS SLAMMERKIN—MARIA SLAMMERKIN—OLD SLAMMERKIN, &c. &c.

[The following inquiry from a respected correspondent, is taken as a *text* for a commentary, that it is hoped, will leave nothing more requisite to be said on the subject of Delancey's, then Allen's, then Hunt's, then Goode's Miss Slammerkin—"Permit a subscriber to inquire, through the medium of the Turf Register, whether the mare, called in most of your pedigrees, 'Old Slammerkin,' was ever known by the name of Maria Slammerkin, see vol. iii. page 104, or Miss Slammerkin, page 431.—It will also be gratifying to learn, when old Slammerkin was foaled, and where, and in what races she acquired the reputation of 'the celebrated running mare,' given her, by 'An Old Turfman,' T. R. vol. ii. page 422."—Answer. Old Slammerkin, vol. iii. page 586, g. g. dam of Ratler, Sumpter, Childers and Flirtilla, is the identical animal, called Maria Slammerkin and Miss Slammerkin on the pages of the T. Register, referred to in the above extract.—She was got by Wildair, out of the English Cub mare, both imported at the same time, by Mr. James Delancey of the state of New York.

As to her title to be called "the celebrated running mare," the following original letters now before us, will sustain the correctness in this case, that characterises the communications of the Old Turfman. The first is an extract—They show, that Slammerkin was about six years old at the commencement of the Revolution, and about 17, when she was sold by Daniel Hunt, Esq. of Lebanon, New Jersey, to the late Col. Goode of Virginia. The letter from Col. Goode's son, shows under what circumstances she passed into the hands of his father.—The reader will bear with these, it is to be hoped, "last words" in explanation of the Cub mare—more especially when he reflects, how many persons having property in her descendants, will be pleased to see, embodied, facts of importance in one connected series.—In the TURF REGISTER of this number, will be found the *extended* pedigree of the Cub mare, dam of Slammerkin, taken from the *record*. The inquiry at the head of this article, comes from "A NEW YORKER," who is the writer of the communication headed POTOWMACK, which will appear in our next.]

DEAR SIR:

Hunt's Mills, June 11, 1826.

My father being indisposed, and not able to write, has directed me to inform you, that he received a letter from Pearson Hunt, Esq. with your letter to him enclosed, requesting information respecting Old Slammerkin. This is to inform you, that my grandfather, Daniel Hunt, did own Old Slammerkin, and that he purchased her at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, she was then about six years old; he sold her to Col. Goode, of Virginia, when she was seventeen years old. You will see in Doctor Manners' letter to my father, Old Slammerkin's pedigree, which I believe to be a true one. Enclosed, I send you all the information I can obtain, respecting the mare, which I hope will be satisfactory. Old Slammerkin

was considered the best mare in America, and lovers of good horses at this time, prize it highly, if their horses are descendants from her.

I will make inquiry respecting the pedigree of Grey Figure; if I can obtain his pedigree I will forward it.

I am, respectfully, yours,

ITHI V. HUNT.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Esq.

City of Washington.

Belvoir, June 1, 1826.

The celebrated Slammerkin, was bred by James Delancey, Esq. of New York, and purchased by Mr. John Allen, of New Jersey. At four years old, in Mr. Allen's possession, she ran the four mile heats over the Philadelphia course, against the celebrated running horse old *Sprightly*, the property of Governor Eden, of Maryland, who had never been beaten, and four others, the best runners in the United States. Slammerkin distanced all but old *Sprightly* the first heat, and beat him the second heat with ease. She was allowed to run the four mile heats, more swiftly than any horse in the United States. She was afterwards purchased by your father, Daniel Hunt, Esq. of Lebanon, New Jersey, who sold her to Col. Goode, of Virginia.* Slammerkin was the dam of the celebrated running horses, Buccphalus, gotten by old Granby, and Honest John, gotten by the imported horse old Messenger.—She was the grandam of the celebrated running horses Pollydore, Grasshopper, Esopus, Cockfighter and several good runners; and the ancestor of the Kentucky Whip, Flag of Truce, Fearnought, Seagull, Prizefighter, Honesty, Tormentor, Hornet, Maria, Eclipse, Lurcher, Scipio, Antelope, Brilliant, Morgan Rattler, and many other good racers.

Slammerkin was gotten by the celebrated horse, Old Wildair, who was afterwards exported to England; and covered at 40 guineas a mare, out of the celebrated *Cub mare*, and was full sister to the famous old Bashaw.

Old Wildair and the *Cub mare*, were imported together, by James Delancey, Esq. of New York.

Wildair was gotten by the celebrated Cade, son of the famous Godolphin Arabian, his dam by Steady, who was gotten by the Flying Childers, the swiftest horse the world ever produced; Childers was gotten by Darley's Arabian.

[* It is stated by Jacob Anderson, that she was confiscated, in consequence of her owner going to the British, at New York, on their first landing, and was bought by Mr. Hunt of the commissioners; he also states that he first knew her "soon after she had taken the purse at Philadelphia, beating Governor Eden's running horse, and others, greatly to her credit;"—and further adds, "and I living some time with said Hunt, was with him when he owned said mare, and she produced some valuable stock for him and some good runners; and said Hunt parted with her, said mare, to some person in Virginia; and to this day, if the breeders of good horses, trace their pedigrees to the Slammerkin mare, they are satisfied."]

Slammerkin's dam, the Cub mare, was gotten by Cub; Slammerkin's grandam was gotten by *Second*, who was gotten by the famous Arabian of Lord Godolphin, she was the dam of *Amaranthus*, a capital racer; Slammerkin's great grandam, was gotten by the old *Starling*, she was the dam of Leeds' Fop and Flash, and several other good racers; Slammerkin's great great grandam, was gotten by the old Partner—she was full sister to the dam of the celebrated running horse *Bandy*.—For further pedigree, see English Stud Book.

I remain, dear sir, yours, &c,

JNO. MANNERS.

RALPH HUNT, Esq.

Hunt's Mills, Hunterdon County, N. J.

[The following history of the manner of her becoming the property of Col. Goode, is curious, and if longer than is essential to a mere understanding of the case, is entertaining in itself, and valuable as confirming the previous statements; and settling, as we hope forever, all questions about the old Cub mare and her daughter Slammerkin:]

About 1780, a year or two sooner or later, a Mr. Thomas Goode, of Chesterfield, Virginia, than whom, never was man more devoted to good horses, having read and heard of the celebrated horse *Lath*, went to the north with a view to get him; either by purchase, or to stand him as a stallion. Whilst in that country, he was taken extremely ill, at a Mr. Hunt's, who had previously intermarried with a widow, Mrs. Vanlue, in Jersey. Mr. G. was sick for many weeks, during which time it was fairly understood he was not to have *Lath*. Great exertions were then made to obtain this very mare, Miss Slammerkin; but in this he was also disappointed.

The time arrived when he was to return to Virginia. I have frequently heard him speak of the tender and constant attention of this kind and hospitable family—of the reluctance with which they gave him up—and above all, (it would be strange to tell nowadays,) not a cent would they receive for all their trouble, but seemed to be glad to have had it in their power to confer the obligation. Yes, sir, and if ever an obligation so great has been fully repaid in gratitude to the bestower, I think this might be referred to as the case. Oft have I heard him speak in raptures of this family—their kindness—their incessant attention to him never wavering—their sweetness of temper and politeness to one another—always enjoying the first and best gift of heaven, their own domestic happiness. These were circumstances well calculated to produce a long and lasting intimacy and friendship between the parties.

In a few years after, one of the young Mr. Vanlues, son of Mrs. Hunt, on his way from the south, where he had been upon business, called at Mr. G's, and spent a week or two. I well recollect the very joy that Mr. and Mrs. Goode felt at seeing him—in having some little opportunity of returning kindness for kindness. In some few years after, in an unexpected moment, the old gentleman himself, Mr. Hunt, drove up in the yard of Mr. G. with a number of the prettiest, cleanest limbed, best looking horses I ever saw, and among them was the celebrated Miss Slammerkin, the daughter of the "wonderful, the old Cub mare."

If I were gifted, Mr. Editor, in description, I would ask the liberty of a small digression, to tell you something of the sparkling, endearing vivacity evidently to be seen in their mutual countenances—of the cordial salutations and shakings of each others hands. No little darkening window, through which that chilling monster, deceit, could pop his nose. No! all was honest, heartfelt sincerity—reciprocal gladness. I should do injustice (it is not worth while further to attempt to conceal) to the memory of a dear departed mother, were I not to say, she was foremost in the trio. All was kindness, frankness, good humour and gladness. I remember too, full well, the tender throbbings of my own little heart. I thought I saw the kind preserver of my father's life; I loved and admired him.

Time passed on from day to day. The horses were looked at, praised and admired—all was done to improve their looks. The market hour arrived, and off they went for Petersburg. When out, that restraint and delicacy of situation, as to the sale or purchase of the old mare, was over, and Mr. Hunt came out frankly to my father, first premising his remarks, with a fear to do it, whilst at his house, least he might think himself bound to take her; from which he then absolved him, and told him he had procured the old mare, Miss Slammerkin, expressly for him; not for speculation, but to oblige him, under his old request: and cost and charges were all he ever intended to ask him for her. My father cheerfully embraced the offer—the amount was made out at some eighty or ninety pounds, (a long price in those days, and at her age, about eighteen,) and the mare was his. They had then advanced some six or eight miles on their way to Petersburg, and the old gentleman had to return to my father's to get his pay; silver was pretty much the order of the then times; the order was necessarily given to return. And here, sir, let me relate, what I well remember to have heard them speak of as the fact, that the wonderful, the remarkable Miss Slammerkin (eighteen years old as above,) heavy in foal, daughter of the wonderful, "the old Cub mare," turned her tail upon her back—took the lead in the onset—sped her way back to my father's—was the first to enter a gate that had been left open—strained down to the stables, and around and around, in advance of the gentlemen some half hour or more. A day or two was again spent in their usual happy way; and the old gentleman left us as reluctantly as we were unwilling to give him up.

I well remember, for I could not leave his chair and side, all the most prominent remarks about the old mare. She was said to have been the very best racer of her day—the first nag that ever beat old Sprightly at Philadelphia—was never beaten—was full sister to Bashaw. It was said, she or Bashaw (I do not recollect which) was in the belly of her dam when she crossed the Atlantic; that the "old Cub mare" was selected, as well on account of her blood, as that she was in foal to Wildair, at the time they were imported, and the colt was intended as a commendation to the horse. Wildair and the Cub mare were both imported at the same time, by a Col. Delancey of that state. Wildair was sent for back, by the sporting gentlemen of that country; was repurchased at a long price, and put at forty guineas a mare in England. All of which, Mr. Editor, I then did believe, and still do believe, as sincerely, as in the records of any court in this union.

She was said to have left a good progeny behind her. I well remember the name of Paragon—she was certified then to be in foal to a horse to the north, called Liberty; he by Dove, &c. She produced the ensuing spring a remarkable fine filly—was then put to the imported horse Bay Richmond, and produced one of the prettiest horses ever raised in this part of the world; and was then sent to Mr. French's, in the upper end of Dinwiddie county, about 15 or 18 miles above Petersburg, to the imported horse Obscurity, and produced from him a wonderfully fine filly, the grandam of Rattler, Childers, Sumpter, Flirtilla; and great grandam of Ivanhoe, Polly Hopkins, Hiazim, Inaugural, &c. &c. Blackeyed Susan, Sir Robin, Rusty Robin, Massena, Equality, Roxana, and many others, and some not tried, were the descendants of the wonderful, "the old Cub mare." Thus, sir, has she been rendered wonderful, and worthy of notice. And will you look to Lexington, Kentucky, for the Sumpters, and to your own pages for the Childers and Rattlers, and to the present Polly Hopkins, and not say there is something still more "wonderful?" So much for distance—so much for the hard and knotty question "Why go so far from home, &c.?"

Respectfully, *

JOHN C. GOODE.

DISSERTATION ON THE BLOOD HORSE, BREEDING FOR THE TURF, THE ROAD, &c. &c.

(Continued from page 74.)

In enumerating the claims of Sir Archy to unrivalled distinction as a stallion, it was stated, that he was the sire of distinguished racers from any and every blood, and indeed from some of no pedigree at all; in this particular he has had no equal in our country, and, with the exception of his sire, is a solitary instance of success. Old Walk-in-the-water was by Sir Archy, out of a small pacing mare by Dongolah, worth about forty dollars, and in cash would not have brought more, until her colt was distinguished on the turf. The Dongolahs were remarkable for want of action in all their paces—few speedy enough even for the plough; yet this (old Walk-in-the-water) was, perhaps, the most remarkable racehorse in the United States; winning more races at a greater variety of distances, and at a greater age than any horse in the *world*. Betsy Abner on the side of her dam is without pedigree. Mulatto Mary is from a mare whose sire is not even known with certainty. I have thought it best to enumerate instances and facts, in corroboration of any theory or opinion which may be asserted in the course of these pieces.

A pure pedigree is all important in a stallion, for which no celebrity in a racer can compensate; of this so many instances could be enumerated as would alone fill a large volume; and if I had the assistance of all those who have been induced, by a splendid racing reputation, to overlook the importance of thorough blood in a stallion, until mortification and disappointment taught them a lesson, which they will not forget, it would enable me to increase the list until even you would not have the patience to read it.

There is on record no instance of a stallion deficient in pedigree, whatever may have been his own success on the turf, succeeding as a sire; for

although solitary instances of their get acquiring reputation may occur, it has only happened from mares, whose failure would have been more remarkable than even the success of the horse. Potowmack, by Diomed, his dam Chanticleer, bred by Mr. Dennie, of Brunswick, Va. and run by Mr. Wilks—left the turf with a high reputation as a racer at all distances, and was for some years a most popular stallion; he had many, I might say almost all the fine mares in the south, yet he left no stock justly entitled to distinction. Singleton's Little John from an old Bellair mare, was an honest little horse; but as he had but little speed, his qualities may be set down to the credit of his dam. Rockingham won at three years old a colt's race. Optimus and Alexander's filly also ran young, but I doubt if their winnings ever paid the expense of training. Potowmack went first to Georgia, then to Kentucky; he has at this time but a single winner on the turf in the latter state, and a review of the races in your register will shew that his descendants are often among the entries, but make no part of the record at the conclusion of the race, and in a few years he will be forgotten by all but those who have the misfortune to own some of the stock. Kosciusko, by Sir Archy, out of Lottery, bred by Mr. Singleton, is a horse of the purest pedigree; on the turf, if not disgraced, he at least acquired no reputation—he stood some seasons in South Carolina, and had but few mares; from these he produced some racers of the first class; it is only necessary to name Multiflora and Clara Fisher, to establish his claim to distinction, and shew at once the great value of thorough blood, and its superiority to mere racing reputation.

Bottom has also been enumerated as an important quality in a stock horse; next to a pure pedigree, it is with me the highest recommendation; the best game horse is "*ceteris paribus*" ever the best stallion; and if experience is any test of truth, this assertion has been long placed beyond question, and from the numerous cases in point, is capable of the clearest demonstration.

Bellair, by Medley, a horse of tolerable speed but fine game; he became a stallion of high reputation, and his descendants even at this day retain all the leading traits of the Medley blood. Little John, by Potowmack, Cupbearer, by Florizel, were both out of Bellair mares, and the only game nags ever gotten by either of those horses.

Gimcrack, also by Medley, called Randolph's Roan, was a horse of fine speed, and in a match beat Bellair; they both stood in the same part of Virginia; it is fair to presume they had an equal chance for fine mares, yet their reputation, as sires, is very different at this day—to the first all are willing to trace, to the last, no one.

Some years since at Belfield, Va. I saw a beautiful colt led up to the stand in fine condition, and thought well of his chance; a gentleman standing by said his dam was by Gimcrack, and that he would tire in a mile; and so indeed he did, and was distanced in the race, although perhaps the fastest colt that started.

This seems a case in point,—two horses of the same blood transmitting to their descendants the qualities for which each was remarkable, and with characters as distinct as if there had been no affinity between them.

Size is not all important in a racehorse. It has long been remarked, that most animals of moderate or medium size, are generally the best formed. Some of the most distinguished stallions ever imported into this country, and to those, perhaps, we are most indebted for the high value of the racing stock, (at least in the south,) were horses of moderate height, most of them below 15 hands. Medley was surely among the most valuable, he was under 15, yet his colts were successful at all distances, with even aged weight. Citizen, too, a horse of similar character, was only 15 hands on fair measurement; he was, it is true, advertised an inch above that, but it was easy to gain that by running the arm of the standard, up his fair rising crest.

Although Diomed, and his son, Sir Archy, have propagated a stock of fine large horses, it is by no means certain, that at the same weights, they would have beaten those well formed, distinguished racers in Virginia and North Carolina, immediately after the Revolution. It is a curious fact, that as the racers in both England and America, have been bred up to great size, the weights have been reduced, and few run to the same age as formerly; whether this is to be ascribed to the great size of the present horses, or the want of immediate crosses of Arabian blood, has been made a question, by some of the most popular writers in Great Britain. In our own country, as yet, it may be said, nothing has been written on this subject; like most theories, plausible reasons, nay facts, can be arrayed on both sides. Thus it is said, no horses of the present day in England, can run four mile heats with the same weights, and in equal time, with the immediate descendants of the Darley and Godolphin Arabians; about which period, most of the English horses, had many and near crosses of the Arabian blood; and that, as they have receded from the Arabian blood, they have lost their extraordinary powers of endurance, and capacity for carrying weight. On the other side, it is said that almost all the horses that distinguished themselves at four mile heats, with aged weights, were horses of moderate size; little Gimcrack, is always named as a champion, by the advocates of this side, who beat at heavy weights all his competitors, though but 14½ hands high. Childers and Eclipse, two horses that have left the highest reputation of any horses on record, were both of good not great size; hence it is inferred, that, although it may in general, add to speed by increasing the size, and thereby his stride, yet it by no means increases either his ability to carry weight, or to endure a long race.

In our country too, the horses that have been longest on the turf, and at heavy weights, have generally been horses of moderate size. Goode's Babraham, was a horse of moderate size, yet his races with 140 pounds were in good time, and he loses nothing by a comparison with even the best of this day. Comet was only 14 hands, yet he was a winner from Petersburg to Charleston, four mile heats, 140 pounds, and in good time. Collector, by Mark Antony, was under 15; in speed he would have rivalled any horse at this time on the turf. From this it would seem, that great size is not indispensable in a horse, either as a stallion or a racer—at the same time, it must be admitted, that the Sir Archys are generally large, and that they have had almost unprecedented success; they however beat all

their competitors, and large horses had no better success than smaller ones against them.

I am by no means against raising from a large horse, if one in fine form and thorough blood can be had, as the raising large horses must in general prove most profitable, if they fail to race, from the variety of uses to which they may be applied; and their supposed superiority, insures them to sell at a fair price; but at the same time, no man should ever sacrifice both blood and form, to mere bulk. Ever since the day of Diomed, some small horses have distinguished themselves on the turf—Fairplay, by Citizen, won all his races generally at broken heats, he was but 14½ hands high; Malvina, 14½ high, by Precipitate, was a winner, four mile heats, at Petersburg, beating all the best horses of that day, at four heats; and last not least, Sir Hal, was, although a small horse, a winner at all distances, even when aged; a rare occurrence in these days. Since then however, the sons of Archy, by their great size, and uniform success, has increased the spirit of breeding up to great size, whether advantageously or not, is yet a question; but let me repeat and impress this truth, that no size or racing reputation, can compensate for the want of pedigree.

GENERAL EATON'S ARABIANS.

As has been before remarked—one of the purposes, and esteemed to be amongst the most useful, to which it was designed to appropriate the TURF REGISTER, was the recovery and preservation of old papers, and other evidence connected with the importation, blood and performances of horses, in regard to which our readers may be supposed to feel more than ordinary interest, either from the circumstances attending their importation; or from the peculiar qualities and value of their descendants,—of such character is the following letter, written nearly thirty years since, by the celebrated General Eaton, to Col. John Tayloe. It is to be lamented that time has obliterated that part of the letter respecting the *Dun* Arabian, more especially as he was the subject of inquiry by a correspondent in the last volume. The mare imported by General Eaton, is the only instance of an Arabian, or even Barb mare, that we recollect to have been imported. She was most beautiful, and Col. Tayloe thought highly of her; unfortunately she died suddenly, not long after her arrival at Mount Airy, without produce; of the horses he did not think so favourably, and they were returned to General Eaton.

SIR:

Spurrier's Tavern, 24th Dec. 1805.

I have left at Mr. Stell's in Washington City, three horses, two Turkish saddles and bridles, and one English saddle and two bridles, all of which he is to deliver to your order.

The mare is the first blood of Arabia—about seven years ago was presented to a relation of the Emperor of Morocco, by the chief

Mufti at Mecca, where the young prince was on a pilgrimage. She was brought to Tripoli, and given to the Bashaw of that Regency in expression of gratitude for attentions paid him in sickness at Tripoli. She was given by the Bashaw to a French Ambassador—by the latter sent to Tunis, where she came into my hands about five years ago. I believe her about —— years old. If you will take her, let her produce, and divide with me the profits, it would be agreeable to me. If, on proving her, you should choose to purchase, we will arrange the price on my return to the seat of government.

The grey horse is an Arabian, four years old, came from the neighbourhood of Mecca, was broke in the Mameluke camp; rode by the Kerchief of Demorhom, who was a bey in that army, but who came over and took command of the Turkish troops, in the province of Bekara, about eighteen months ago, and by him presented to me. I wish he may have the benefit of your stables and groom, but not to stand unless you wish to make an experiment among your own horses. The march through the desert, and a long voyage at sea, have very much reduced him; a year's good keeping I trust will restore him.

* * * * *

I wish him also [the Dun] to have the benefit of your groom, and if occasion offer he may be used at a stand.

The mare is called Diana,—the grey horse Ishmael, and the Dun, Taurus. I have the honour to be, with great respect and esteem, sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

WILLIAM EATON.

COL. JOHN TAYLOR.

ARCHY STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

MR. EDITOR:

Lexington, Ky. Jan. 21, 1832.

To give you an idea of the number of Archy mares, I will state to you the number of Archy horses that have been standing here for about five years.

Bertrand, limited to 100 mares, always had more than the number; Cherokee, 100; Sumpter,* 120; Ratler, 100; Big Archy, 75; Saxe Weimar, 100 for two years, and then was taken to Louisville in this state; Kosciusko, 120; Cadmus, one year, 100; Seagull, 100; Stockholder, one season, 120; Waxey, (arrived 1831,) 50; Sidi Hamet, (by Virginian, dam by Sir Archy,) 75. The above is a small average.—There may be some others, but these are all that I call to mind. You will now see by the number of mares that these horses have had, that there must be a great number of Archy mares to cross. L. R.

* Sumpter died winter 1830-1.

BYRON.

That this beautiful animal is of the most favorite family of racers and of the greatest beauty, will appear from the following letters and certificates (of the most distinguished racers and judges of race-horses,) which gentlemen are requested to read.

Extracts from Col. Johnson's letter in 1831.

"Byron's colts are very much approved. Dr. Minge told me there were several of them with Timoleon, and that they were decidedly the handsomest with him."

"I give you an extract (because from the best authority,) of a letter I received from Thos. Stubblefield, who stood Byron last year, in relation to him, in which he says, 'Byron's colts are of more promise than any I have seen. The people are much, *very much* pleased with them. I have one—it is the best formed animal I have ever seen, and the most perfect beauty. He is worthy of encouragement.'"

Extract from Capt. J. J. Harrison's letter in 1831.

"Byron is a beautiful horse, and on trial proved himself to be a great colt, but soon afterwards became lame, and never had an opportunity of affording the proof he was able to give. Col. Johnson and Capt. Belcher told me his trial over the Newmarket course would have done credit to *any* horse in the world."

Extract of a letter from John Minge, Esq. to a gentleman of Hanover county, in 1830.

"Byron, of whom you have heard, was purchased by me at two years old for \$1500, is of the most approved blood in Virginia, and certainly one of the most beautiful animals in the world, and of the finest form. When three years old, Byron received an injury in one of his fore legs which prevented him from showing any figure on the turf, though in a *private* trial, which Col. Johnson saw, he pronounced him able to run with any horse of his age in the world.—When let down entirely, Col. Johnson purchased him of me. His grandam, Bet Bounce, sold at fifteen years old for \$2000, and produced her different owners in colts *actually sold*, \$17,000; and I now have a letter by me offering me \$1500 for one of her colts only two years old."

February 16, 1832.

PERFORMANCES.—Spring 1828, then three years old, he run for the great sweepstakes over the Halifax course, N. Carolina, to which there were seven subscribers, \$500 each, when he was the second horse, making a fine race in good time, although he was quite lame for several days before the race. Fall after, he run for the post

stake at Norfolk, five starting, two mile heats, entrance \$200 each. This was among the best races ever run in the state, *the second heat in three minutes forty-two seconds*, won by Polly Hopkins, beating Byron *not a length*. He again became lame, and did not run for another race, was turned out and rested the next spring. Fall 1829, I put him in training and continued him until his defective leg gave way, when I was obliged to give him up. While sound I had the highest opinion of him; his stock is much approved, many of his family sold very high; his dam at seventeen years old for \$1200; his grandam at nineteen years old for \$1500; Sally Melville for \$1600; Arab for \$5000; Brilliant for \$1000; Tariff for \$3000. The distinguished race mare Virginia Lafayette, from the same mare (viz. Byron's dam) \$2500 was refused for just before her death. Byron himself at two years old for \$1500, (and lately one-half of him for \$1500.) Virginia Taylor, also out of the same mare, \$2000 was refused for; at three years old run four races, won three of them, (one of the races she won was in three heats of two miles each, and each of the three heats was run in *three minutes fifty-two seconds*, evincing fine speed and bottom.) A yearling filly out of the same mare, \$1000 was refused for, and others held at high prices.

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

Dr. Minge observes of Byron, in a letter to the editor of the Turf Register, dated January, 1831, "I have now no interest in him, and were he in reach of me there is no horse on earth whose colts I had rather depend on for the saddle, quick draft, or turf."

VETERINARY.

WIND SUCKING IN HORSES—its origin and cure.

MR. EDITOR:

September 28, 1832.

I will offer you a few remarks in relation to a desperate *habit* among horses, called and known by the names of *stump* or *wind sucking*. I am fully convinced that it is a habit; and will say how produced and brought on the colt or *young* horse, (for with them it always originates, and never was there a case of an old horse leaving it.) It is known to all horsemen, that colts and young horses have what is called and known by the name of *lampas*; this is only a swelling and soreness of the upper gums or bars of the colt or young horse's mouth, which, aggravated by feeding on hard corn on the ear, becomes so extended and sore, as to reach below the upper teeth of the colt, and prevent him entirely from even nipping off the grains. He soon becomes very hungry, and attempts to bite it off; the pain is too great; for, as before said, the gum or bar of the mouth is pressing directly on the corn. In this desperate situation, he catches hold with the out edge of his nippers and presses the ear to the manger;—trying to suck in

a little, he fails; he tries again, and fails; he continues trying, and in a short time acquires this, of all *habits* the most disagreeable.

In the western corn-making country, where I have resided for some years, this habit prevails to a much greater extent than in any of the old poor eastern states, where the colts graze, and are fed on oats, &c. But even in these states you find cases of this habit, and often in training stables—and why? We all know that trainers never or seldom give as much food as the horse would eat, and as soon as he is fed he is then muzzled up; in this muzzle he begins trying to eat by catching hold of it, then pressing it to the manger, and trying to suck in the food which perhaps he can see and not get—in a few days he becomes a habitual stump or wind sucker.

I have now told you the cause,—I will now offer the preventive:—In the first place lance or bleed your colts, or young horses, in the bars or upper gums, and continue it until they go down; at the same time do not give him any corn, and feed on oats, hominy or meal. This treatment will always prevent it. To keep a horse from it, after he becomes confirmed in the habit, there is but one way, and that is to put a broad band of leather around the neck, the broader the better, and feed on meal, hominy or long food. I am confirmed in my opinion from long observation, and refer to any raiser of a horse or horses who have acquired the habit, to think how they were raised, and see if I am not correct.

I hereafter propose, if you think these pieces worth a place in your work, to speak of a very common disease among horses, (particularly in the limestone country,) which is not known to one man in a million, and often treated for colic or grubs, when in truth it is this disease, the *stone in the bladder, or gravel*. I also propose to speak of the mouth of the horse, the difference between one that is stabled, and one that is always grazed; and in truth, if you wish, will speak of his whole anatomy, for I have given twenty years out of thirty-five to the study of the horse, and delight more in him than any thing else except my children. Very respectfully, R.

FOR CURING SNAGS, CUTS AND BRUISES IN HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.—*Extract to the Editor.*

January 1st, 1832.

I am a sincere friend of the Register, and have been instrumental in procuring many subscribers, and hope to be of still further service to you in that way. I send you a recipe which I have found exceedingly efficacious in wounds about horses, or any animals—it was given me by an Englishman. You can give it a place in your Register or not, as you may think proper. Wishing you much success in your undertaking,

I remain, yours, &c.

J. W. W.

One quart flaxseed oil, one pint *strong* vinegar, two ounces saltpetre, one and a half gills of spirits turpentine, all put together in a vessel and well shook up—to be put on the wound twice a day, and well rubbed in with a feather, always shaking it up well before using it. This has been tried, and proves an admirable and quick remedy for the worst cuts or snags. It should not be rubbed on the hair, as it will take it off—that need not be an objection to the use of it on bruises, as the hair soon grows out.



"Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu."

MR. EDITOR:

Warm Springs, Sept. 22, 1832.

Sir,—Dost know Col. John Fry, mine host of the Warm? How he got his military title I cannot tell, unless it may have been by killing a rattlesnake, an achievement usually rewarded east of the mountains with that distinction. In his civil capacity may he long flourish. If you do not know him, it is a misfortune which I will hasten to remedy by introducing him to your acquaintance: for he is in truth a worthy personage, with as kind a heart as throbs, who thoroughly knows, and fully enjoys the pleasure of pleasing. He is an especial encourager of the dance, and without having served a regular apprenticeship, cuts more and better capers than e'er a boy of them all. It is gratifying to see him perambulating the ball room with eye glistening and foot quavering to the sound of the violin, and its accompaniments the French horn and clarinet; this, by the way, when he is not engaged in the dance; but when he is, though his years more nearly approximate a century than a unit, you would be amused to see how gaily he "trips on light fantastic toe." Having thus introduced our obliging host, I will proceed to narrate a fact on his authority.

Among the many creature comforts daily administered to us at this pleasant watering place, venison constitutes a more delectable item; and such venison! but I will not by a too glowing description increase the regret, which I know you feel, at having been unable to visit this salubrious region, leaving care and cholera behind you. A haunch this day adorns our table d'hôte; of which it is great, but not extravagant praise, to say it equalled in fatness, a piece of Baltimore mutton. The exhibition, by the successful huntsman, of the fine creature which afforded it, occasioned some conversation, respecting the largest size which these denizens of the forest were ever known to attain; in the course of which, I learnt from Mr. Fry that he had, some years since, sent to the great patriarch of democracy, Mr. Jefferson, a buck, the weight of which was 186 lbs. when deprived of the head, legs, and all other superfluities, save the skin, which was retained for the better transportation of the flesh. I annex a copy of Mr. J's very characteristic letter, acknowledging the receipt of the valuable present. It may entertain your readers, and you are at liberty to dispose of it as you choose.

Yours, truly.

H.

N. B. If the donor will send to me, in the frosty days of December, an animal half as large, I will engage to write a letter of acknowledgment, twice as long as Mr. J's; though I dare say, no one will ever ask a copy for publication.

Monticello, Dec. 2, 1823.

You have sent me, dear sir, a noble animal, legitimated by superior force, as monarch of the forest: and he has incurred the death, which his brother legitimates have so much more merited; like them in death, he becomes food for a nobler race; he for man, they for the worms that will revel on them. But he dies innocent, and with death all his fears and pains are at an end; they die loaded with maledictions, and liable to a sentence and sufferings, which we will leave to the justice of heaven to award.

In plain English, we shall feast heartily on him; and thank you heartily, as the giver of the feast, with assurances of friendly esteem, and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MR. JOHN FRY, *Warm Springs.*

DINING BY HOOK OR CROOK.—The late fast day occasioned but little change of diet in any but the higher circles, for thousands in the lower walks have long been accustomed every day to *fish for their dinner*.

[*London paper.*]

HUNTING THE WILD CAT—*As enjoyed in North Carolina.*

MR. EDITOR:

Newbern, September 22, 1832.

We have a species of game with us, which I believe is peculiar to this section of country—at least I see no mention made of it in your excellent magazine, where I have met with descriptions of every other variety of hunting. And yet, the wild cat will afford the huntsman as much sport, and the hounds as much work, as any other animal that I ever followed. Indeed it requires a staunch and numerous pack to take them, for even when run to a stand still—no easy work by the by—they are enabled from their great strength and ferocity, to keep five or six dogs at bay, without difficulty.

The wild cat is much larger, and infinitely stronger than the grey fox, (the red not being an inhabitant of our woods, I know nothing of.) It is about as fleet as the common fox, but as it confines its run to very strong and thick covers, the chase lasts much longer than that of the fox. And being, in addition to all this, a terrible enemy to the farmyard, taking off pigs, poultry, lambs and sometimes even grown sheep, our sportsmen, who are all farmers, pursue them with inveterate industry. Invited by the flattering appearance of the weather last week, Mr. W. and myself, determined to give our dogs a trial. We, accordingly, rode to cover on Saturday morning, with six couple of as fine dogs as ever followed deer, fox, or wild cat. It was our first turn out this season—the whole pack was, consequently, full of riot, and the young dogs in particular, were perfectly frantic. The morning was as auspicious as we could wish—the dog fennel and pine bushes hung droopingly, overloaded with dew. It was quite cool, clear as a bell, and so perfectly calm, that the joyous notes of the dogs, as they gambolled in wild excitement before us, or leaped up fawningly upon our horses, were heard to re-echo over the distant Neuse. After leaving the river a little to the right, we threw off the hounds into a very promising cover, on the north side of Smith's creek. Here we had not proceeded very long, when old Drummer told us, that some prowler had been passing, during the night. The scent was very cold, and we worked it slowly and with difficulty, along the windings of the creek; frequently interrupted, by the outbursts of the young dogs, after rabbits, &c. By dint of whipping and scolding, we succeeded in bringing these last under some subjection. The trail still appearing very cold, we made a cast on the opposite bank of the creek, but with no better success. The game had been there, but it must have been very early, on the previous evening. In the mean time, old Drummer had-got back to his old trail, and continued

to work it with untiring perseverance. The drag appearing to grow warmer, we concluded to hark the other dogs to him. Echo and Rover soon gave tongue, Macduff and Nimrod joined in. Still our best fox dog, old Milton, refused to recognise the trail as legitimate; we were now sure of the nature of our game; it must be a wild cat. We continued to encourage the dogs with increased anxiety. At last, all of them, young and old, acknowledged the trail, and growing into a confirmed drag, it proceeds through the river swamp, deep into the marsh, far along the margin of the river, and then—what a crash! you might have heard them down the wind, three miles off. And now, swelling into a louder and still a louder strain, the quarry makes directly for the spot where we had taken our stand, upon the verge of the swamp, as far in as we could well make our way. We had raised our voices in one exulting shout, when that wild burst had told us, the game was up. But in the tumultuous roar behind him, every other sound was hushed, and the cat made straight for us, either not hearing or heeding our halloo. We were now still as statues—and the pack came rushing on—the crashing of the reeds, the rending of the undergrowth, the splashing of the mud and water, and the deep mouthed roaring of the hounds, uniting together, like the mingling tumults of a September gale, and seeming to give to the terrified animal, the wings of the wind. He must have passed within ten steps of us, but owing to the thick cover, we could not catch a view. The pack, however, were close upon him, for they passed us, running breast high, all together—no running dog, or in line, but each emulously dashing for the lead. The cat seemed determined to try their mettle, and beat them by downright game. Contrary to the usual practice of the animal, he made a straight stretch over the highland, along the border of Smith's old field, and at such a slashing rate, that, to lie by them, made Madge blow like a blacksmith's bellows on a frosty morning.—She's a little too fat at present, and not long from grass. Finding this game could never last long, the cat endeavoured to throw them out, by a rapid succession of ugly dodges, which bothered the young dogs excessively. But old Milton was wide awake—he had followed too many foxes in his day, to be out-generalled even by a wild cat. He followed him cautiously, but unerringly, through all his circles and angles, and the whole pack winding after him, with such close, and unremitting assiduity, that they only made two losses, and then, for only two minutes. After circling for about half an hour, in a very thick gum swamp, where he had a great advantage over the dogs, "*Monsieur le Chat*," finding himself considerably in advance of the hounds, thought he might try them again at long taw; so hoisting out all canvass, he made sail for Bachelor's creek. This

was just what the pack wanted; the young dogs were terribly pestered in the swamp, but here again, all was plain sailing; and so the cat seemed to think too, for finding that he could not make good his retreat to Bachelor, he tacked ship, and stood back on his old track—but he was done up. He did indeed contrive to get back to his old place of refuge, the swamp; but we knew, by the manner in which the old dogs were pushing for the lead, that his fate was sealed. He had been now two hours and a half on the pad, and we could tell, as we saw him mount a log, his eyes flashing, his hair bristling, his short tail lashing, “as doubting to return or fly”—his race of existence was run. As we raised the view halloo, his tail drooped again, which he was elevating as a signal for combat, and he dragged himself from the log, with weak and unsteady steps; scarcely had he jumped from one end of the log, when Milton and Echo mounted it at the other, followed by the rest of the pack. Animated by our cheer, and the sight of the devoted game, they seemed to gain additional vigour, and, before we had made our way a hundred yards further in the swamp, we heard a sharp, angry growl, then Echo’s shrill yelp, as she leaped upon the prey, and then a cry from her, as if she had run afoul of a kettle of hot water. Talleyrand next gave a howl of agony, as he shrunk from the rude welcome of the wild cat. All the rest as they came up, seemed to acknowledge by their cries, that they had caught a tartar. But what can one do against twelve?—most of them, too, young, strong and active. Why, Jackson and Beaufort alone, are strong enough, to pull down the strongest buck that ever stood at bay. Even a wild cat must yield to such a fearful odds; so that when we succeeded in scrambling to them, we found our enemy, (and a huge one he was,) dead upon the field, and the dogs limping and baying around, manifesting by their condition, the severity of the chase and combat.

Yours, respectfully,

A. F. G.

[We must confess, we had no idea before, that there could be so much sport, in the chase of the *wild cat*; we had supposed, that they had no run in them—that they would immediately betake themselves to a tree, or, be very quickly taken on the ground, and there killed, after a very severe resistance. We are quite sure, judging from his commencement, that our correspondent will have fine sport through the season; and hope to hear often, from one who has so manifestly a high relish for the delights of the chase, and a good tact in describing what he so much enjoys.—How much we would rejoice, to accompany *our friend* Tophorn, to join A. F. G. in the hunt of a North Carolina wild cat.]

TENNESSEE FIELD SPORT.

MR. EDITOR:

Pulaski, Tenn. June 23, 1832.

We have examined the ten numbers received of your valuable work, and must express ourselves well pleased. Enclosed are ten dollars: forward us the first and second volumes in boards. We are in hopes of procuring you a subscriber* or two.

The pen of your interesting correspondent "Hawk-eye" could find ample materials for employment in this country. A noble buck is no strange sight here. A ride of a few miles would bring him any day where he could have his "thermometer" elevated considerably above zero, if the sight of some three or four bounding over the bushes could do it. It is much easier to *rouse* half a dozen deer, than *unkennel* one fox. Our foxes have not the bottom they run with in the east. Nothing but "grey coats," and they are too high fed to run over two, and often not more than one hour; though they have improved considerably in speed and bottom within a few years.

We *think* we have some few dogs that could "go the pace," even with "*Robin Pollard's*" after a "grey coat."

Yours, with respect,

B. & G.

A GOOD SHOT.

MR. EDITOR:

District of Columbia, Oct. 4, 1832.

I witnessed, a few days ago, so good a shot, that I flatter myself you will deem a notice of it worthy of a corner in your interesting magazine.

I was on my way from Berkley springs to Martinsburg, accompanied by Mr. C****, of your city, who was on horseback, carrying his gun in his hand, for any chance game that might turn up on the ride. He espied a pheasant sitting on the ground, about thirty-five yards from the road, in some scrubby bushes, and at the same moment saw another rise from the same spot and fly off. The horse Mr. C. was on—a fine, spirited animal—he knew was excessively alarmed at the report of a gun, and that it would be dangerous to fire from his back; but he knew, also, that the sitting bird would immediately rise to follow its mate, and that there was no time to lose in dismounting and tying his horse; so, with the unhesitating fearlessness of a true sportsman, he reined his horse up tightly with his bridlehand, and with his right alone brought his gun up to an aim, and killed the bird. The horse sprang up the bank and down, and wheeled so violently that if his rider had not been a good one, he would have

[* If half our patrons would only do as much!]

been thrown. But he kept his seat, and the bird was served up at dinner two hours afterwards, at the Back creek tavern.

Yours, &c.

S.

P. S. I may as well ask room to register another sporting incident that occurred at Berkley. F. G. S*****, I believe not a *distant* relation of yours, was riding out in company with Mr. T., who he suddenly requested to hold his horse for a moment, when, taking aim with a *pistol*, which he drew from his pocket, at a pheasant on a neighbouring tree, he shot him through his "knowledge box."

THE ENGLISH HARE.

EXTRAORDINARY RUN WITH A HARE.—The Royston harriers found a hare on a piece of land belonging to Clerk Free, Esq. adjoining the North Road, near to Reed Hill, when she started to Reed End, through Therfield and Kelshall enclosures, nearly to Sandon village, when she took the open fields in a direction for Morden Heath plantations; but, when about half a mile from them, she was headed and turned to the left across Sandon field to Wallington, when she crossed the open fields of Baldock and the road, about three-quarters of a mile from the turnpike, and made for Newnham, which she reached nearly exhausted, when the hounds caught a view and ran into her, after a run of an hour and a quarter, as good as could possibly be witnessed. Great credit is due to Bassett, the huntsman, who, with John Free, Esq. and H. Hawkins' groom on his black horse, were the only three in at the death. The distance run could not be less than fifteen miles, and from point to point nearly ten, passing through seven different parishes.

The above from a late English paper, is enough to show the great difference, in strength and stoutness, between the *English* and the *American* hare.

The English hare is described as being in length "about two feet;" it is further said to be "very prolific, and breeds three or four times a year: the female goes with young thirty days, and brings forth three or four at a litter."

A gentleman anxious to ascertain its fecundity, turned out a male and two females into a very large garden, walled entirely round, where they had plenty of food, and were totally undisturbed. He opened the gate exactly on that day twelvemonth on which they were put in, and no less than forty-seven were turned out.

The following anecdotes are selected from many related to show the sagacity of the hare and its susceptibility of being tamed:—

"Dr. Townson, the traveller, when at Gottingen, brought a young hare into such a state of domestication, that it would run and jump

about his sofa and bed. It leapt on his knee, patted him with its fore feet; and frequently, while he was reading, it would knock the book out of his hands, as if to claim, like a fondled child, the preference of his attention."

"A hunted hare being nearly exhausted, happened to come upon another in her form, from which she drew her out, and introduced herself; the pack followed the new started hare; and the huntsmen, on coming up, found the hare which they had been hunting, squatted, panting very hard, and all covered with mud."

The following is from the entertaining account, given by Cowper, of three hares that he brought up tame in his house; the names he gave them were Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Tiney was a reserved and surly hare; Bess, who was a hare of great humour and drollery, died young. "Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick,) and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion.

"Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and, on the whole, it was visible, by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

A lady at our elbow suggests, that in Paris last year, she saw, amongst many things equally curious, exhibited for money at the corners of the streets, a *hare* that was taught to *stand up and fire off a pistol*.



AN ENGLISH FOXHUNT.

TOPTHORN'S respects to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine—and asks him to insert the following description of an English foxhunt from the London Quarterly of March last:—

“It is a hackneyed enough remark, that both ancient and modern writers make sad work of it when they attempt a description of heaven. To describe a run with foxhounds is a not much easier task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least *two hundred well-mounted men* by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze-brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. ‘*Hark in! hark!*’ with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. ‘Oh you beauties!’ exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with ‘Ras-

selas, Rasselas, where are you going Rasselas? *Get to cover, Rasselas;* and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. 'No fox here,' says one; 'Don't be in a hurry,' cries Mr. Cradock,* 'they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.' These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a cornfield waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen 'flourishing'† above the gorse. '*Have at him there,*' halloos the Squire‡—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. '*Have at him there again,* my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!' reiterates the Squire—putting his finger in his ear and uttering a scream, which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch. At this moment 'John White,' 'Val. Maher,' 'Frank Holyoake,' (who will pardon us for giving them their *noms-dechasse*§) and two or three more of the fast ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. 'Hold hard there,' says a sportsman; but he might as well speak to the winds. 'Stand still, gentlemen; *pray* stand still,' exclaims the huntsman, he might as well say so to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of, all the field have been awake—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle-reins gathered well up into the hand, and hats pushed down upon the brow.

"At this interesting period, a Snob,|| just arrived from a very *rural* country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: 'Come away, sir!' halloos the master, (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers;) 'what mischief are you doing there? Do you think *you* can catch the fox?' A breathless silence ensues.

* This gentleman resides within the limits of the Quorn hunt, and kindly superintends the management of the covers.

† Technical, for the motion of a hound's stern or tail, when he first feels a scent but is not able to *own* or *acknowledge* it.

‡ When Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county with his own were the property of noblemen; so, for the sake of distinction, his friends conferred on him the familiar title of "the Squire."

§ John White, Esq. of Park Hall, Derbyshire; Valentine Maher, Esq., a member of the Old Club; and Francis Lyttleton Holyoake, Esq., of Studley Castle, Warwickshire.

|| We know nothing of the derivation of the word "Snob;" it is certainly not a classical one, but either that or Tiger is too often applied to a total stranger who ventures to show himself in the "swell countries," as they are called.

At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher,* and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. 'Tis enough, '*Tallyho!*' cries a countryman in a tree. 'He's gone,' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

"As all good sportsmen would say, 'Ware, hounds!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give them time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. 'That's right,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil your own sport as usual.' '*Go along!*' roars out Mr. Holyoake, 'there are three couple of hounds on the scent.' 'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,'† coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, '*she kicks;*' 'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure.' Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

"Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true, they possess the speed of a racehorse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But, as Beckford observes, 'Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him.' A turn, however, in their favour, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot ahead—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo; a terrible burst is the result!*

"At the end of nineteen minutes the hounds come to a fault, and for a moment the fox has a chance,—in fact they have been pressed upon by the horses, and have rather overrun the scent. 'What a pity!' says one: 'What a shame!' cries another—alluding perhaps, to a young one, who would and could have gone still faster. 'You may thank yourselves for this,' exclaims Osbaldeston, well up at the time, Clash-er looking fresh; but only fourteen men of the two hundred are to be counted,—all the rest *coming*. At one blast of the horn, the hounds are back to the point at which the scent has failed, Jack Stevens being in his place to turn them, '*Yo doit! Pastime,*' says the

* A noted finder, now in Mr. Osbaldeston's pack.

† Nephew to Mr. Coke, of Holkham; his famous mare *Advance* is dangerous in a crowd, and thus the necessity of a label.

Squire, as she feathers her stern down the hedge-row, looking more beautiful than ever. She speaks! 'Worth a thousand, by Jupiter!' cries John White, looking over his left shoulder as he sends both spurs into Euxton, delighted to see only four more of the field are up. Our Snob, however, is amongst them. He has 'gone a good one,' and his countenance is expressive of delight, as he urges his horse to his speed to get again into a front place.

"The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him!—what a panorama does it represent!—Not a field of less than forty—some a hundred acres—and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth—every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stooping, the scent lying breast high. But the crash!—the music!—how to describe these? Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes great noise over a little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling. Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and most musically do the light notes of Vocal and far-famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch them. But who is so fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the élite of the field, who had come up at the first check; and a few who, thanks to the goodness of their steeds, and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, however, begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it

before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

"Up to this time, 'Snob' has gone quite in the 'first flight; the 'Dons' begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—'Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?' 'Don't know him,' says Mr. *Little* Gilmour, (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by-the-bye,) ganging gallantly to his hounds.—'He can ride,' exclaims Lord Ranccliffe. 'A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,' adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thoroughbred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry 'enough,' how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough, some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonicè, 'a stopper;' nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. 'Now for the timber-jumper,' cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. 'For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane.' Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod-Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay horse is signed. It is true he gets first to the gate, and has no idea of opening it; sees it contains five new and strong bars, that will neither bend nor break; has a great idea of a fall, but no idea of refusing; presses his hat firmly on his head, and gets his whip-hand at liberty to give the good little nag a refresher; but all at once he perceives it will not do. When attempting to collect him for the effort he finds his mouth dead and his neck stiff; fancies he hears something like a wheezing in his throat; and discovering, quite unexpectedly, that the gate would open, wisely avoids a fall, which was *booked* had he attempted to leap it. He pulls up then at the gate; and as he places the hook of his whip under the latch, John White goes over it close to the hinge-post, and Captain Ross, upon Clinker, follows him. The Reviewer then walks through.

The scene now shifts. On the other side of the lane is a fence of this description: it is a newly-plashed hedge, abounding in strong growers, as they are called, and a yawning ditch on the further side; but, as is peculiar to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, a con-

siderable portion of the blackthorn, left uncut, leans outwards from the hedge, somewhat about breast-high. This large fence is taken by all now with the hounds—some to the right and some to the left of the direct line—but the little bay horse would have no more of it. Snob puts him twice at it, and manfully too, but the wind is out of him, and he has no power to rise. Several scrambles, but only one fall, occur at this 'rasper,' all having nearly enough of the killing pace; and a mile and a half farther, the second horses are fallen in with, just in the nick of time. A short check from the stain of sheep makes every thing comfortable; and, the Squire having hit off his fox like a workman, thirteen men, out of two hundred, are fresh mounted, and with the hounds, which settle to the scent again at a truly killing pace.

"*'Hold hard, Holyoake!'*" exclaims Mr. Osbaldeston (now mounted on Blucher,) knowing what double-quick time he would be marching to, with fresh pipes to play upon, and the crowd well shaken off; '*pray don't press 'em too hard, and we shall be sure to kill our fox. Have at him there, Abigail and Fickle, good bitches—see what a head they are carrying! I'll bet a thousand they kill him.'* The country appears better and better. '*He's taking a capital line,*' exclaims Sir Harry Goodricke, as he points out to Sir James Musgrave two young Furrier hounds, who are particularly distinguishing themselves at the moment. '*Worth a dozen Reform Bills,*' shouts Sir Francis Burdett, sitting erect upon Sampson,* and putting his head straight at a yawner. '*We shall have the Whissendine brook,*' cries Mr. Maher, who knows every field in the country, '*for he is making straight for Teigh.'* '*And a bumper too, after last night's rain,*' halloos Captain Berkeley, determined to get first to four stiff rails in a corner. '*So much the better,*' says Lord Alvanley, '*I like a bumper at all times.'* '*A fig for the Whissendine,*' cries Lord Gardner; '*I am on the best water jumper in my stable.'*

"The prophecy turns up. Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has no where to stop short of Woodwell-head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less, the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep."

'Yooi, OVER he goes!' halloos the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Red-rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well

* A favourite hunter of the baronet's, which he once honoured by coming all the way from London to Melton to ride *one day* with hounds.

over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood.* 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,†' answers Lord Forester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' 'But he'll be drowned,' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I should'nt wonder,' observes Mr. William Coke. But the pace is *too good* to inquire.

"The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. 'Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country,' says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred-guinea chestnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. 'Not hurt, I hope,' exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humibos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton,‡ who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff timber-fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after

* A true story.

† A celebrated rough-rider at Melton Mowbray, who greatly distinguished himself in the late grand steeple-chase from Rolleston. He is paid 15 s. per day for riding gentlemen's young horses to hounds.

‡ The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., one of the best and hardest riders of the present day.

his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

"The *Æneid* of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer himself: a black-thorn, which has laid hold of his cheek, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud, by a fall he has had in a lane, his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he could have gone two miles further, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. 'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,' says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. 'The cream of every thing in the shape of foxhunting,' observes that excellent sportsman, Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. 'Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*' added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. 'You are right,' says Colonel Lowther, 'they are perfect. I wish my father had seen them do their work to day.' Some of the field now come up, who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.

"A large party dine this evening at the old club, where, of course, this fine run is discussed, and the following accurate description of it is given by one of the oldest members, a true friend to foxhunting, and to all mankind as well:—"We found him," said he, "at Ashby Pasture, and got away with him, up wind, at a slapping pace over Burrow Hill, leaving Thorpe Trussells to the right, when a trifling check occurred. He then pointed for Ranksborough gorse, which some feared, and others hoped, he might hang in a little, but he was too good to go near it. Leaving that on his right also, he crossed the brook to Whissendine, going within half a mile of the village, and then he had nothing for it but to fly. That magnificent country, in the direction of Teigh, was open to him, and he showed that he had the courage to face it. Leaving Teigh on the right, Woolwell-head was his point, and in two more fields he would have reached it. Thus we found him in the Quorn country; ran him over the finest

part of Lord Lonsdale's, and killed him on the borders of the Belvoir. Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds once gave us just such another tickler, from the same place, and in the same time, when the field were nearly as much beaten as they were to-day.'

"But we have left Snob in the lane, who, after casting a longing eye towards his more fortunate companions, who were still keeping well in with the hounds,—throws the rein over the neck of the good little bay horse, and, walking by his side, that he may recover his wind, inquires his way to Melton. Having no one to converse with, he thus soliloquizes, as he goes:—'What a dolt have I been, to spend five hundred a year on my stable, in any country but this! But stop a little: how is it that *I*, weighing but eleven stone four pounds with my saddle, and upon my best horse, an acknowledged good one in my own country, could neither go so fast nor so long as that heavy fellow Maxse; that still heavier Lord Albanley; and that monster 'Tom Edge, who, they tell me, weighs eighteen stone, at least, in the scales.' At this moment, a bridle-gate opens into the lane, and a gentleman in scarlet appears, with his countenance pale and wan, and expressive of severe pain. It is he who had been dug out of the ditch in which Jack Stevens had left him, his horse having fallen upon him, after being suspended on the rail, and broken three of his ribs. Feeling extremely unwell, he is glad to meet with Snob, who is going his road,—to Melton,—and who offers him all the assistance in his power. Snob also repeats to him his soliloquy, at least the sum and substance of it, on which the gentleman,—recovering a little from his faintness by the help of a glass of brandy and water at the village,—thus makes his comment:—'I think, sir, you are a stranger in this part of the world.'—'Certainly,' replied Snob, 'it is my first appearance in Leicestershire.' 'I observed you in the run,' continued the wounded sportsman, 'and very well you went up to the time I fell, but particularly so to the first check. You then rode to a leader, and made an excellent choice; but after that period, I saw you taking a line of your own, and anticipated the fate you have met with. If you remain with us long, you will be sure to find out that riding to hounds in Leicestershire is different from what it is in most other counties in England, and requires a little apprenticeship. There is much choice of ground; and if this choice be not judiciously made, and coupled with a cautious observance of pace, a horse is beaten in a very short time. If you doubt my creed look to the events of this memorable day.' Snob thanks him for his hints, and notes them in his book of memory.

"The fame of Snob and his little bay horse reaches Melton before he walks in himself. 'That provincial fellow did not go amiss to-day,'

says one. 'Who was that rural-looking man on a neatish bay horse—all but his tail—who was so well with us at the first check?' asks another, who himself could not get to the end, although he went 'a good one' three-parts of the way. There is no one present to answer these questions; but the next day, and the next, Snob is in the field again, and again in a good place. Further inquiries are made, and satisfactory information obtained. On the fourth day, a nod from one—a 'how do you?' from another—'a fine morning,' from a third—are tokens good-humouredly bestowed upon him by some of the leading men; and on the fifth day, after a capital half-hour, in which he had again distinguished himself, a noble *bon vivant* thus addresses him,—'Perhaps, sir, you would like to dine with me to-day; I shall be happy to see you at seven.'

" 'Covers,' he writes next day to some friend in his remote western province, 'were laid for eight, the favourite number of our late king; and perhaps his majesty never sat down to a better-dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of foxhunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber; and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch, in which he had been left with a clever young thoroughbred on the top of him.' The writer proceeds to describe an evening, in which wit and music were more thought of than wine—and presenting, in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a foxhunting society. But we have already trespassed on delicate ground, and perhaps filled as much space as an *excursus* of this nature should ever claim.

"It is this union of the elegant repose of life with the energetic sports of the field that constitutes the charms of Melton Mowbray; and who can wonder that young gentlemen, untied by profession, should be induced to devote a season or two to such a course of existence? We must not, however, leave the subject without expressing our regret that resorting, *year after year*, to this metropolis of the chase should seem at all likely to become a *fashion* with persons whose hereditary possessions lie far from its allurements. It is all very well to go through the training of the acknowledged *school* of 'the craft;' but the country gentleman, who understands his duties, and in what the real permanent pleasure of life consists, will never settle down into a regular Meltonian. He will feel that his first concern is with his own proper district, and seek the recreations of the chase, if his taste for them outlives the first heyday of youth, among the scenes, however comparatively rude, in which his natural place has been appointed."



HUNTING VICISSITUDES.

FORESIGHT.—LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Alas! that youths so well equipp'd,
 Should in their sporting pride be humbled—
 Quick from their saddle be unshipp'd,
 And in a miry pond be tumbled.
 Perhaps they'll find the water deep—
 Perhaps the mud they may be stuck in;
 Ah! let them "look before they leap."
 And save their carcasses a ducking.
 But never quit the sport, bold lads,
 While hope vouchsafes the slightest glimmer,
 And never shout nor check your pads—
 The black one is a famous swimmer.
 Hunters must sometimes meet with knocks—
 Things can't be always to their wishes;
 And if you cannot find a fox,
 Why, try your luck among the fishes.
 Should fortune cross you in the chace,
 Perhaps you'll have more luck in angling;
 And if no brush your cap should grace,
 A salmon trout may there be dangling.
 Then dash away thro' thick and thin—
 Who cares a rush for Reynard's slaughter?
 Tho' at the death you mayn't be *in*,
 You certainly are *in* the water.
 But courage, lads, 'tis vain to fret,
 Such accidents perhaps may try one,
 But he whose jacket ne'er was wet,
 Ne'er knew the comfort of a dry one.

CANVASS-BACK DUCKS.

The forests and waters of the United States afford a great variety of game, some of which are entitled to high praise, but the true glory of America is bestowed by the canvass-back duck. These exquisite birds are only found in the Chesapeake bay, and the neighbouring waters. In regard to their natural history ornithologists differ; some asserting that the canvass-back is a distinct variety of the duck, others that it is indebted for its delicious peculiarities solely to the nature of the food in which the Chesapeake abounds. *Non nostrum est, tantas componere lites.* We never saw the bird until divested of its plumage, and subjected to a rotatory motion of fifteen minutes before the kitchen fire. But in that state we feel we should be guilty of gross injustice were we not to compare its merits as an esculent with those of any other of the feathered tribe, which wing the upper or nether atmosphere, or float upon the surface of the deep. No, the canvass-back stands alone in proud and unapproached pre-eminence. It is

“Like to a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

And never, surely, did created substance float so meltingly in the mouth, or leave an impression on the palate so luxurious and imperishable. The occasion when he first received this new and exquisite sense of the beneficence of nature, forms an era in the life of every American traveller. The place, the day, the hour, nay, the very minute, remain imprinted on his memory. It will enlarge and elevate his views of the dignity of his own nature, and he will cherish the proud conviction, that the man who has feasted on canvass-back ducks cannot, philosophically, be said to have lived in vain. Entertaining these opinions, it has always appeared to us somewhat extraordinary, that the Americans should prefer resting their national claims to the envy and admiration of the world on science, literature and accomplishments, which, to say the truth, afford but slender footing for their pretensions, instead of arrogating the higher and more incontestible praise, that the country of their nativity is likewise the country of canvass-back ducks. [Blackwood's Magazine.]

ATTACHMENT TO HOME.—A farmer, at Mount Vernon, in the state of Kentucky, domesticated a female deer, but lost her during the whole spring and summer. After an absence of several months, however, she returned with a young fawn by her side, and on her arrival seemed to take great pleasure in shewing her young.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL FORMAN, President of the Maryland Jockey Club.—General Forman having repeated his wish to resign, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

“Resolved, That the corresponding secretary of the Central Club, be requested to notify General Forman of its acceptance of his resignation as president thereof, and that the thanks of the club be tendered to him for his services, together with the expression of the regret which is felt at losing an officer, who has manifested so much interest for the welfare of the club, and who is so well qualified by knowledge and experience to promote its objects.”

Whereupon, S. W. Smith, Esq. first vice-president, who had presided at the meetings of the club with universal satisfaction, declining the office; Col. U. S. HEATH was unanimously elected; and the club may be congratulated on his acceptance of the trust.

☞ X. is assured that quoit is spelled coit, by the copyist of the excellent song, sung, as it seems, not at the anniversary of the Washington Quoit Club, but at a supper which was lost by Messrs. W. A. B. and C. M. with Messrs. P. T. and H. T. W. in a match between those gentlemen—which will account for an allusion in one of the verses to Mr. B. one of the losers. X. will see it spelled coit by two well known and respectable gentlemen, whose initial is his next door neighbour—speaking, as the streets are named in a certain city—*alphabetically*. It gratifies us to learn that he is a “constant reader,” of which, from his silence, we had entertained painful doubts;—as cooks are always mortified when a *bon bouche* is neglected, by the epicure for whom he had specially provided it.

X. is one of those tuneful birds that can sing if he will—we shall be glad when by any means we can make him sing for the Sporting Magazine, even though his notes be notes of correction.

☞ From a highly respected friend we have received a publication in a Nashville paper, by the Rev. H. M. CRYER. Far from hesitating about it, as he appears to apprehend, his communication shall be published with pleasure—preferring rather to be accused wrongfully, than to be guilty of disingenuousness. We have the vanity to hope, that a better knowledge of us may inspire a better opinion. It will be for the public to decide, whether the allegation by D. that Sir Archy, Jr. is only a half bred horse has been disproved. In regard to the writer under that signature, we can only answer for his intelligence, and high respectability and disinterestedness. In other respects we do not feel bound to speak for him; and if we did, he is far more able to speak for himself.

CLARA FISHER—the great Clara Fisher, is now in the neighbourhood of Nashville, Tennessee, the property of Joseph W. Clay, Esq. a gentleman fond of the bred horse and the sports of the turf. She is now in foal to Red Gauntlet. The Tennesseans are making rapid strides towards the improvement of their stock of fine and thoroughbred horses. They have the renowned Sally Hope, and her dam; Henrietta, full sister to Fair Rosamond, and a host of other fine mares—all in foal to Crusader.

LUZBOROUGH and FYLDE—the two English stallions, lately imported, have offered their first services to the Old Dominion. The former will stand at Hicksford, Greenville county, Virginia; the latter at Boynton, Mecklenburg county. Full particulars hereafter.

TRUFFLE.—We are much pleased to hear, that the Truffle blood, imported by Governor Barbour, is likely to be as distinguished here as in England. The first scion of this stock in America, made her *debut*, at Halifax court-house, Virginia, on the fourth of October, by the name of Anne Maria, and won the colts' race at two heats, and in fine style—time, 1 m. 59 s., 1 m. 55 s.—beating Richard Long's colt, by Sir Archy, John C. Goode's filly, by Monsieur Tonson, and Col. Wynn's colt, by the same.

ECLIPSE.—covered last season, we are requested to say, at \$75, to be discharged by the payment of \$60—instead of \$50, by the season, as was erroneously stated.

MADISON ASSOCIATION TRACK.

MR. EDITOR:

Richmond, Ken. Sept. 30, 1832.

In compliance with your request, I inclose a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Madison Association, with the names of the members, &c.; also the following extract from our record, viz.

September 22d, 1832.

Ordered, That Archibald Woods, W. C. Goodloe, Robert Brooks, and Ira S. Brooks, be a committee to have the track accurately measured, and that they make report, &c.

Sept 27th, 1832.

The committee appointed to measure the track, reported, that upon measuring it they had found it two poles over a mile, and they had it curtailed until it was one mile, three feet from the inside,—which report was adopted, and ordered to be certified to the editor of the 'Turf Register, at Baltimore.

A true copy.

W. C. GOODLOE, *Sec'ry.*

Our track is in form a parallelogram, the sides of which are one hundred and ten poles. It is well inclosed upon the outside by a six rail cedar post fence, and upon the inside by a two rail cedar post fence; there is on the outside one hundred pannels of plank fence, where it binds upon the public road.

Topography.—Entering at the gate, which is situated at the head of the front stretch, its declension is about half a degree, until you pass the judges' stand and reach the first turn—its elevation then is about two degrees, until you enter the back stretch—the back stretch undulates from one to one degree and a half—the third turn is at an elevation of two degrees—it then declines one degree and a half to the gate. The soil is a deep black loam.

W. C. G.

THE WINTERFIELD COURSE has been measured, agreeably to the resolution of the Maryland Jockey Club, by Thomas Graves and Benjamin Maddy, Esqs. and found to be a few feet over a mile, which will be corrected at the next trimming out. This course is located in a level field, (with the exception of a slight ridge running through the centre) nearly in a globular form, except the last quarter being straight; a light sandy soil, some parts of which are interspersed with small gravel; is in the county of Chesterfield, Virginia, near the Coal Mines, about twelve miles above Richmond, and four from James river. The Broadrock rules and regulations, with the exception of the amount paid for entries, have been adopted by this club.

NORFOLK.—This well conducted course is improving every year, in all that can give interest to the sports of the turf. The number and high repute of the horses keep pace with the augmentation of the prizes and the increasing enthusiasm on the subject. There is every assurance of fine sport there on the 7th of this month.

Do JUSTICE, *though the Heavens fall*.—The New York editors, in their account of the late match race, between Virginia Taylor and Miss Mattie, say, the *southern* horse was beaten by a *northern* horse,—whereas they are both southern horses. Miss Mattie, says our correspondent, “was raised by James G. Green, and is full sister to Isabella, the dam of Anvil, and Columbia, the dam of Kate Kennon; she was bought by Mr. Garrison, at public auction, at Newmarket, when two years old, who entered her in several stakes to be run in the following spring, but she proved in foal, and eventually had a colt. She was then kept as a brood mare, and sold as such to Capt. Stockton for one thousand dollars. There is a suit still pending in regard to her first sale. Columbia, that was purchased at Norfolk last spring with her two colts for two thousand dollars, has been sold alone for fifteen hundred dollars;—it is considered as good stock as any in Virginia.”

A CHANCE FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO PURCHASE THOROUGHBREDS.—Dr. Minge advertises his stud of valuable horses for sale at Fairfield on the day of the first day's race.

J. M. Botts, Esq. offers, at private sale, his supernumeraries; among them are stallions, (including Lafayette,) brood mares, colts and fillies, of all ages. His stock consists of Archys, Gohannas, Charleses, Lafayettes, Medleys, and Timoleons.

TROTTING ON HUNTING PARK COURSE.

Thursday, October 18, 1832, being the day appointed for the first day's fall trotting upon the Hunting Park Association course, the following horses started for the purse of \$200, two mile heats, to the saddle:

Sally Miller, entered by John Nagle, rode by M. Vanderbelt.

Columbus, entered by Peter Whelan, rode by M. Whelan.

Comet, entered by George Woodruff, rode by Spicer.

When, upon the trial of speed, Columbus succeeded in winning the first and second heats, after a very hard contest. This was one of the most splendid trials of speed in trotting that was ever witnessed on this, or perhaps any other course; Columbus and Sally Miller contending on both heats side and side, and what is a little remarkable, neither of the horses breaking from their trot in either heat.

Time, first heat, 5 m. 22 s.—second heat, 5 m. 21 s.

Immediately after the saddle trot, the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to sulkey, for the association purse of \$200:

Screwdriver, (New York horse,) driven by Mr. Conkling.

Macduff, (New York horse,) driven by Mr. Clintock.

Moonshine, (Philadelphia horse,) driven by Whelan.

Pickle, (Philadelphia horse,) driven by Woodruff.

Upon the trial of speed to sulkeys, Screwdriver succeeded in winning the first heat in a handsome manner, distancing Moonshine and Pickle, trotting his three miles in 8 m. 18 s. When they started for the second heat they went off in good style, but it was very evident to the judges and by-standers, that there was some foul play, as Screwdriver could pass his opponent upon any part of the track, and then the driver would pull up, and let the horse Macduff lap and pass him, so as to give Macduff the second heat;—it was so notorious that the judges decided, that unless the drivers, upon the third heat, would resign their seats, and let the judges appoint two in their places, that neither of the two horses should start for the third heat, and, of course, the purse would be retained by the association. They de-

declined doing so, and the contest remained with each horse winning a heat.* There was no doubt remaining with the judges and by-standers, but that the second heat was thrown away by Screwdriver, as the time would answer for it, there being a difference of twenty seconds from the first heat. Macduff's time of trotting second heat, 8 m. 38 s.

Friday, October 19, 1832, being the day appointed for the second day's trotting, when the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to the saddle, for a purse of \$300.

Comet, rode by James Hammill, Jr.

Chancellor, rode by Mr. Duffy.

Jerry, rode by Whelan.

Lady Jackson, rode by Vanderbilt.

Collector, rode by Woodruff.

When Jerry succeeded in winning the first heat in 8 m. 20 s., distancing Chancellor; and upon starting for the second heat Jerry became so lame that the rider deemed it most prudent to stop him, which of course rendered him a distanced horse. Lady Jackson winning the second heat, closely contested by Comet. Comet being drawn after the second heat, the contest lay between Lady Jackson and Collector—Lady Jackson winning with tolerable ease.

Time, first heat, 8 m. 20 s.—second heat, 8 m. 28 s.—third heat, 8 m. 29 s.

Immediately after the above trot came off, the following stallions, which had never trotted for a purse before, and both being green horses, started to trot two mile heats, for a purse of \$200:

Brickmaker, rode by M. Woodruff.

Fag Down, rode by Vanderbilt.

Upon the first trial of speed with stallions upon this course, Brickmaker succeeded in winning the first and second heats with tolerable ease.

Time, first heat, 6 m. 30 s.—second heat, 6 m. 23 s.

S. N. GRAY, Sec'y H. P. A.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE OF 1795.

The Tappahannock Va. Jockey Club purse, was run for on the 12th May, 1795.

First day, four mile heats.

Col. Tayloe's gr. h. Quicksilver,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
Col. Butler's Columbus,	-	-	-	-	2	2	dr.
Thorton Alexander's ch. f. Virago, by Shark	-	-	-	-	1	3	dr
Col. Hoskin's gr. f. Kitty Medley; 3 years old,	-	-	-	-	4		dr.

May 11, 1796, commenced the Jockey Club races at Tappahannock.

First day, four mile heats.

Col. Tayloe's ch. f. Virago, by Shark,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. Butler's Columbus,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Col. Hoskin's Kitty Medley,	-	-	-	-	3	3
Mr. Washington's Virginia Nell,	-	-	-	-	4	4
Col. Selden's g. g. Flag of Truce,	-	-	-	-	5	dr.
Mr. Miller's b. g. Duke of Limbs,	-	-	-	-		dr.

May 20, 1796, commenced the Jockey Club races at Hanover court-house, Va.

First day, four mile heats.

* Screwdriver's rider agreed to the decision of the judges; but Macduff's would not.

Col. Hoskins' g. f. Kitty Medley,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. John Tayloe's g. f. Calypso,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Col. Butter's g. f.	-	-	-	-	3	3
Mr. Clabourn's f.	-	-	-	-	4	dis.
Mr. Claybank's Wildair,	-	-	-	-		dis.

October 5, 1796, commenced the Jockey Club races at Hanover court-house, Va.

First day, four mile heats.

Col. Hoskin's m. Kitty Medley,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Virginia Nell,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Grey Medley,	-	-	-	-	3	3
Attalanta,	-	-	-	-	4	4
Hannibal,	-	-	-	-	5	5

Tappahannock Va. 1799, Jockey Club race, two mile heats; silver cup.

Col. Hoskin's f. Minerva, by Bellair,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Major John Thornton's Whistle Jacket,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.
Capt. Gaine's h. Torrent,	-	-	-	-		dr.

October 1, 1799, commenced the Jockey Club races at Hanover court-house, Va.

First day, four mile heats; purse \$400.

Col. Hoskins' ch. f. four years old,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. Gaine's f. Attalanta,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Col. J. Tayloe's g. h. Florizel,	-	-	-	-		dr.

October 16, 1799, commenced Jockey Club races at Richmond.

First day, four mile heats; purse \$448.

Col. J. Hoskins' ch. f. Minerva,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. J. Tayloe's ch. f. Virago, by Shark,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Horse Snowdrop,	-	-	-	-		dis.

October 29, 1799, commenced the Jockey Club races at Petersburg Va.

First day, four mile heats; purse \$333½.

Col. Hoskins' f. Minerva,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. J. Tayloe's Virago,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Bay horse Lofty,	-	-	-	-	2	3

Two other horses distanced.

May 20, 1800, commenced the Jockey Club races at Richmond, Va.

First day, four mile heats.

Col. Tayloe's g. g. Leviathan	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. Selden's b. f.	-	-	-	-	2	2
Col. J. Hoskins' f. Minerva	-	-	-	-	3	3

October, 1802, Kitty Fisher, belonging to Col. John Hoskins, ran and won the sweepstakes at Richmond court house, Va. when five were entered; distance two mile heats, and died the spring after.

1803, Spring meeting at Richmond, Col. Hoskins sold his horse Sir Peter, to Ralph Wormley, Esq. for \$1400, the second day after, he was handicapped with Tom Tough, and others, for three mile heats, which he won—he was taken to Fredericksburg, and entered for the first day, four mile heats, but, after going a mile, he fell, and of course was beaten—the next day, was entered for the three miles, which he won—he went the next week to Tappahannock, and run the four miles which he won—he ran the next week at Norfolk, where he was beaten, having been injured in getting into the boat—he lost the first heat, (having started with a swelled leg,) but after getting the command in the second, at the close of the heat,

his ancle gave way, which closed his racing career. He was then sold to Col. Tayloe for \$1200, and some time afterwards, he was exchanged with his former owner, Col. Hoskins, for his horse Mataponi.

At Tappahannock, Va., June, 1800, took place the extraordinary race of five miles, between Leviathan, carrying one hundred and eighty pounds, and Col. Tomlin's bay gelding, carrying one hundred and ten, for one hundred guineas. It was seldom after the first quarter, that they were clear of one another, the whip and spurs being applied to Leviathan from the commencement—three judges in the stand, deciding as follows: the first, four inches in favor of Leviathan; the second, two inches; and the third, a dead heat, thus giving the race to Leviathan by two inches only. The writer saw Leviathan run afterwards at Fredericksburg, with Col. Homes' Fairy, and it was clear to him, that he had lost his spirits, for, without the whip or spur he could not be made to run; Col. Tomlin's horse was ruined, having given way in the right ancle.

King George Court House, Va. Jockey Club races commenced the first Thursday in October, 1810.

First day, three mile heats; purse \$300.

Paul Micous' mare Crazy Jane, four years old,	-	-	-	3	1	1
Thomas Bernard's g. h. Boxer, six years old,	-	-	-	1	2	2
James G. Taliaferro's grey horse Treasurer, four years old,	2	dr.				

Second day, two mile heats; purse \$200.

Thomas Bernard's horse Woodpecker, four years old,	-	2	1	1
Paul Micous' mare, four years old,	-	1	2	2

Fredericksburg Jockey Club races commenced the third Tuesday in October, 1810.

First day, sweepstakes for three years old, four entries, at \$200, h. f.

G. B. Wallace's b. h. young Red Eye, by old Red Eye	-	2	1	1
James Thornton's filly, Maria, by Escape,	-	1	2	2
Armstead Homes' filly,	-	3	3	3

Second day, four mile heats; purse \$560.

Thomas Bernard's horse Boxer,	-	1	2	1
Hay Battailes' mare by Bedford,	-	2	1	2
James G. Taliaferro's horse Waxey, by Bedford, four years old,	-	3	3	3
Paul Micous' mare Crazy Jane,	-	4	4	4

Third day, three miles; purse \$300.

James G. Taliaferro's g. h. Treasurer,	-	1	1
John Homes' horse Tom Tough,	-	2	2
Thomas Bernard's horse Woodpecker,	-	3	3

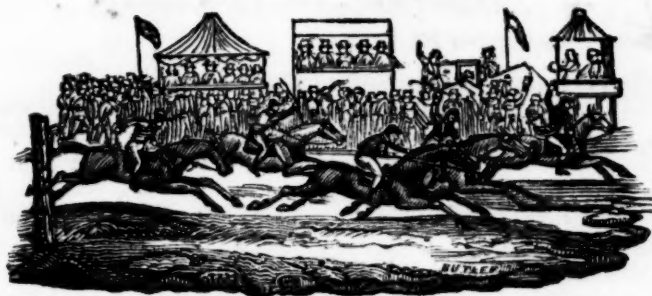
King George Court House, Va. Jockey Club races commenced the first Thursday in October, 1811.

First day, three mile heats; purse \$300.

Armstead Homes' mare, four years old,	-	1	1
G. B. Wallace's young Red Eye,	-	2	dr.

Second day, two mile heats; purse \$200.

Thomas Bernard's mare Maria, four years old,	-	1	1
Armstead Homes' mare,	-	3	2
Mr. Washington's horse Boxer,	-	2	3



RACING CALENDAR.

LANCASTER (Pa.) RACES,

Commenced over the Hamilton course, Sept. 18, 1832.

First day, best three in five; purse \$100, entrance \$25.

Mr. Sleeper's b. h. Lafayette, aged, -	4	3	2	4	1	1	1
M. Walker's b. h. Widower, aged, -	5	4	1	2	3	2	2
Mr. Philip's b. f. Queen Dido, four years old,							
by John Richards, -	2	2	5	1	5	4	3
J. C. Craig's ch. h. Ripley, four years old, by							
Sir Charles, -	1	1	4	5	6	3	dis.
J. M. Selden's b. c. by May Day, -	3	5	3	3	2		

ruled out.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 53½ s.—second heat, 1 m. 52 s.—third heat, 1 m. 53 s.—fourth heat, 1 m. 57 s.—fifth heat, 1 m. 56 s.—sixth heat, 1 m. 56 s.—seventh heat, 2 m.

Second day, purse \$200; two mile heats.

John C. Craig's b. m. Virginia Taylor, five years old, by Sir Archy, 1	1						
J. M. Selden's ch. m. Floretta, five years old, by Ratler; dam by							
Florizel, -	2	2					
Mr. Emmons' ch. h. Ratler, six years old, by old Ratler, -	4	3					
Mr. B. Badger's ch. f. Lady Lancaster, three years old, by John							
Richards, -	3	dr.					
Mr. Davidson's ch. h. Pelham, six years old, by Ratler, -	5	dis.					

Time, first heat, 3 m. 50 s.—second heat, 3 m. 58 s.

Third day, purse \$350; three mile heats.

John C. Craig's ch. m. Trifle, four years old, by Sir Charles, 3	1	1					
J. M. Selden's ch. m. Zatilla, four years old, by Sir Henry, 1	2	2					
Gen. Forman's b. f. Polly Brooks, three years old, by import-							
ed Valentine, -	2	dr.					

Time, first heat, 6 m. 41 s.—second heat, 5 m. 55 s.—third heat, 6 m. 25 s.

Fourth day, purse \$500; four mile heats.

Mr. B. Badger's b. h. Flying Dutchman, five years old, by							
John Richard's, out of an Eclipse mare, -	1	1					
Gen Forman's b. h. Uncle Sam, four years old, by John Rich-							
ards; dam Sally Baxter, by Ogle's Oscar, -	2	2					

Time, first heat, 8 m. 4 s.—second heat, 8 m. 16 s.

Course one mile and two feet.

EDWARD PARKER, *Treasurer*.

N. B. A match over the above course, was run September 28, 1832, one mile out, for one thousand dollars, —Fox, 113 lbs., Snowball 119 lbs., won by Fox three feet. Time, 1 m. 49 s.

WINTERFIELD (Va.) FALL RACES,

Commenced September 20, 1832.

First day, proprietor's purse \$50, entrance \$5; mile heats.Thomas Graves' ch. m. Malinda, four years old, by Sir Charles,
97 lbs. - - - - - 1 1Wm. L. White's ch. c. Yellow Jacket, three years old, by Ton-
son; dam by Tom Tough, 86 lbs. - - - - - 2 2G. B. Wooldridge's ch. h. four years old, by Sir Charles, out of
a Whip mare, 100 lbs. - - - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 52 s.—second heat, 1 m. 59 s.

Mr. Wooldridge's horse was distanced by the extreme bad management
of the starter and the rider.*Second day*, Jockey Club purse \$100, entrance \$10; two mile heats.Wm. L. White's b. h. Mattaponi, five years old, by Tom
Tough; dam by Sir Harry, 110 lbs. - - - - - 2 1 1Thomas Graves' ch. h. Flag, four years old, by Sir Charles,
100 lbs. - - - - - 1 2 2Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. Red Jacket, four years old, by Direc-
tor, 100 lbs. - - - - - 3 3 3

Time, first heat, 4 m.—second heat, 4 m. 1 s.—third heat, 4 m. 8 s.

Track very deep and sandy. The course is a few feet over a mile.

BEV. H. WOOLDRIDGE, Sec'ry.

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

First day, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, two paid forfeit, two mile heats.

Leader Macey's ch. c. by Sumpter, - - - - - 1 0 1

John Stephens' b. h. Mercury, by Whipster, - - - - - 3 0 2

Richard Taylor's br. f. Lady Renick, by Sumpter, - - - - - 2 dr.

H. Blanton's bl. h. Hunter, by Democrat, - - - - - 4 dis.

Time, first heat, 5 m. 15 s.—second heat, 3 m. 59 s.—third heat, first
mile, 2 m.*Second day*, purse \$200; two mile heats.

R. Tarlton's b. h. Woodpecker, by Bertrand, - - - - - 1 1

Col. Burford's g. h. Rufus King, by Saxe Weimar; dam by Men-
doza, - - - - - 2 dr.

Time, first heat, 5 m. 15 s. won with ease by Woodpecker.

Third day, two mile heats; purse \$150.

Col. Burford's ch. c. President, by Kosciusko, - - - - - 1 1

J. Fenwick's b. f. Virginia, by Saxe Weimar, - - - - - 2 2

G. E. Blackburn's br. f. Muel, by Sumpter, - - - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 3 m. 59 s.—second heat, 4 m. 7 s.

Fourth day, purse \$50; mile heats.

J. Fenwick's b. f. Virginia, by Saxe Weimar, - - - - - 1 1

T. Stephenson's b. c. by Saxe Weimar, - - - - - 2 2

T. J. Macey's ch. c. Sumpter, - - - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 55 s.—second heat, 2 m.

Same day, a sweepstake colt race; \$25 entrance.

James Bratton's ch. f. by Sumpter, - - - - - 1 1

G. E. Blackburn's b. c. by Kosciusko, - - - - - 3 2

R. Burbridge's b. f. by Alexander, - - - - - 2 3

Time, first heat, 2 m. 12 s.—second heat, 2 m.

DUTCHESS COUNTY (N. Y.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 3.

First day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, two miles out; \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit. Six subscribers, three started.

Mr. A. Conover's ch. c. Massaniello, by Eclipse, dam Cinderilla, by Duroc; 90 lbs.	1
Mr. J. Buckley's br. f. Sontag, by Maryland Eclipse; dam Lady Hal; 87 lbs.	2
Mr. S. Laird's ch. f. by Lance; dam by Revenge; 87 lbs.	3
Time, 3 m. 57 s. Track heavy.	

Same day, match race, one mile out.

Mr. Monfort's b. h. Dutchess Bussorah, aged, by Bussorah Arabian, 102 lbs.	1
Mr. Dolson's gr. g. Montgomery, five years old, by Potomac; dam by Serab; 96 lbs.	2
Time, 1 m. 57 s.	

Same day, two mile heats; purse \$200.

Mr. A. Conover's ch. m. Celeste, five years old, by Henry; dam Cinderilla, by Duroc; 111 lbs.	1	1
Mr. J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Jackson, five years old, by John Richards; dam Old Honesty, by Expedition; 114 lbs.	2	2
Time, first heat, 3 m. 56 s.—second heat, 3 m. 52 s.		

Second day, mile heats; county purse for Dutchess and Columbia, \$100, for three year olds.

Mr. Cabrey's b. f. by Childers; dam by Herod; 87 lbs.	1	1
Mr. W. D. Sherman's gr. f. by Orphan Boy; dam a Messenger mare; 87 lbs.	3	2
Mr. T. Rudd's ch. c. by Childers; dam by Revenge; 90 lbs.	2	3
Mr. Gantz ch. f. by Childers; 87 lbs.	4	dis.
Mr. Storm's ch. f. Henrietta, by Henry; dam by Diamond; 87 lbs.	dis.	
Time, first heat, 1 m. 58 s.—second heat, 1 m. 55 s.		

Same day, three mile heats; purse \$300.

Mr. J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, six years old, by Eclipse; dam Lady Lightfoot; 118 lbs.	2	1	1
Mr. A. Sherman's ch. c. Dewitt Clinton, six years old, by Ratler; dam Matilda; 121 lbs.	3	3	2
Mr. Darcey's ch. m. Lady Relief, five years old, by Eclipse; dam Maria Slammerkin; 111 lbs.	1	2	3
Time, first heat, 6 m. 4 s.—second heat, 5 m. 55 s.—third heat, 5 m. 55 s.			

Third day, one mile heats; purse \$50.

Mr. J. Buckley's br. f. Sontag, three years old; 87 lbs.	1	1
Mr. Darcey's ch. m. Lady Relief, five years old; 111 lbs.	4	2
Mr. C. Weeks' gr. g. Jamaica Spirits, six years old; 118 lbs.	5	3
Mr. A. Sherman's b. h. Bay Roman, aged, by Roman; 126 lbs.	2	4
Mr. Hughson's ch. m. Henrietta, five years, by Childers; 111 lbs.	3	5
Time, first heat, 1 m. 51 s.—second heat, 1 m. 52 s.		

Same day, match race, mile heats.

Mr. Monfort's b. h. Dutchess Bussorah,	1	1
Mr. Dolson's gr. g. Montgomery,	2	2
Time, first heat, 1 m. 59 s.—second heat, 2 m. 3 s.		

Same day, four mile heats; purse \$500.

Mr. J. Buckley's gr. h. O'Kelly, five years old, by Eclipse; dam Empress; 114 lbs. - - - - - 1 1

Mr. J. H. Van Mater's gr. m. Jane Grey, four years old, by Orphan Boy; dam Rosalind, by Oscar; 101 lbs. - - - - - 2 2

Mr. A. Sherman's ch. h. Dewitt Clinton, - - - - - 3 3

Time, first heat, 8 m. 9 s.—second heat, 8 m. 10 s.

NEWMARKET (Va.) RACES,

October meeting, 1832, commenced Tuesday, Oct. 9.

First day, great colt stake, ten subscribers \$200 entrance, h. f. two mile heats. Six started.

Richard Adams' b. c. Primero, by Mason's Ratler, - - - 1 2 1

Wm. R. Johnson b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy, - - - 4 1 2

John Minge's bl. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur, - - - 3 3 3

J. J. Harrison's ch. c. Sir Erin, by Sir Archy, - - - 2 4 dis.

Wm. M. West's br. c. Sir Walter, by Monsieur Tonson, 5 dis.

John M. Botts' b. c. Damon, by Gohanna, - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 3 m. 58 s.—second heat, 3 m. 54 s.—third heat, 3 m. 58 s

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$300; two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles, five years old, - - - 4 2 1 1

Wm. H. Minge's ch. m. I. C. by Sir Archy, five years old, 5 1 4 2

H. Maclin's b. m. Jane Shore, by Sir Archy, five years old, 3 6 2 0

Thomas D. Watson's ro. c. Calculation, by Contention, three years old, - - - 6 4 3 0

J. Minge's ch. h. Bolingbroke, by Sir Charles, five years old, - - - 2 3 5 0

O. P. Hare's b. m. Die Vernon, by Director, four years old, - - - 7 5 dis.

Wm. M. West's b. f. Lady Sunner, by Shawnee, three years old, - - - 1 dr.

Time first heat, 3 m. 52 s.—second heat, 3 m. 53 s.—third heat, 3 m. 54 s.—fourth heat, 3 m. 55 s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$600; four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. Andrew, by Sir Charles, - - - 1 1

S. Bryant's ch. h. Red Rover, by Carolinian, - - - 2 2

Time, first heat, 8 m. 15 s.—second heat, not ascertained. Won easily.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse \$250; two mile heats.

J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Goliath, by Eclipse, five years old, 1 4 1

O. P. Hare's ch. m. Betsey Hare, by Contention, four years old, - - - 4 1 2

Wm. H. Minge's b. h. May Day, by Sir Archy, six years old, 5 3 3

J. M. Botts' b. m. Jemima, by Ratler, five years old, - 3 2 dr.

Thomas D. Watson's g. f. by Contention, three years old, 2 dr.

R. Adams' ch. f. by Gohanna, three years old, - dis.

Time, first heat, 3 m. 50 s.—second heat, 3 m. 58 s.—third heat, 3 m. 54 s.

WASHINGTON CITY (D. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 16.

First day, Mr. Boyce received forfeit in the intended match between his ch. c. Critic, four years old, by Eclipse, and Mr. Fairfax's ch. c. Cavalier, four years old, by Ratler,—the latter having sustained an injury.

Same day, stallion stakes for untried three year olds.

Capt. Terrett's (Andrew's) ch. f. Emelie, by Ratler, out of			
a Hal,	-	-	1 2 1
Mr. Parker's gr. f. by Sir Charles,	-	-	2 1 2
Capt. Hamilton's ch. c. by Ratler,	-	-	3 dis.
Col. McCarty's ch. c. Jack, by Sir James,	-	-	4 dis.

Time, first heat, 4 m. 5 s.—second heat, 3 m. 57 s.—third heat, 4 m. 1 s.

Second day, two mile heats; purse \$250.

Mr. Shacklett's b.m. Lady Pest, five years old, by Carolinian; 107 lbs.	-	-	4 4 1 1
Col. McCarty's ch. m. Jemima Wilkinson, five years old, by Sir Archy; 107 lbs.	-	-	1 2 2 2
Gen. Gibson's ch. f. Minerva, four years old, by Ratler; 97 lbs.	-	-	3 3 3

ruled out.

Col. Selden's b. c. Duke of Orleans, four years old, by Sumpter; 100 lbs.	-	-	2 1 dis.
Capt. Terrett's ch. c. four years old, by Eclipse; 100 lbs.	-	-	5 dis.
Mr. Sleeper's b. h. Lafayette, aged, by Gallatin; 121 lbs.	-	-	7 dis.
Mr. Duvall's gr. f. four years old, by Young Ratler; 97 lbs.	-	-	6 dr.
Mr. Boyce's ch. c. Critic, four years old, by Eclipse; 100 lbs.	-	-	dis.

Time, first heat, 4 m.—second heat, 3 m. 55 s.—third heat, 4 m.—fourth heat, 4 m. 1 s.

Third day, three mile heats; purse \$300.

Mr. H. A. Tayloe's b. g. Pizarro, five years old, by Sir Alfred; 107 lbs.	-	-	4 1 1
Capt. Terrett's br. f. Polly Baker, four years old, by Stockholder; 97 lbs.	-	-	1 2 2
Capt. Hamilton's gr. f. Helen, four years old, by Marylander; 97 lbs.	-	-	3 3 dis.
Mr. Swearingen's b. f. Betsey Nelson, three years old, by Sir Charles; 83 lbs.	-	-	2 4 dis.
Col. Selden's b. f. Zatilla, four years old, by Henry; 97 lbs.	-	-	5 5 dis.
Col. McCarty's b. f. Flirtilla, Jr. four years old, by Sir Archy; 97 lbs.	-	-	5 dr.

Mr. Boyce's ch. c. Critic, four years old, by Eclipse; 100 lbs. dis.

Time, first heat, 5 m. 57½ s.—second heat, 5 m. 55 s.—third heat, 6 m. 3 s.

An interesting race—beautifully contested by Polly Baker, she compelling the gelding Pizarro to throw all else behind the pole; and he winning cleverly to the astonishment of the field. The knowing ones all out in their judgment.

Fourth day, four mile heats; purse \$500.

Mr. Parker's b. g. Bachelor, aged, by Tuckahoe; 121 lbs.	-	-	1 1
Col. McCarty's b. h. Reform, four years old, by Marylander; 100 lbs.	-	-	3 2
Mr. Swearingen's ch. m. Fanny White, six years old, by Sir Charles; 115 lbs.	-	-	4 3
Mr. Shacklett's ch. h. Sir Dudley, six years old, by Rob Roy; 118 lbs.	-	-	2 dis.
Capt. Terrett's b. c. three years old, by Sir William; 86 lbs.	-	-	5 dis.

Time, first heat, 8 m. 31 s.—second heat, 8 m. 5 s.

Fifth day, match race, four mile heats.

Capt. Burch's b. m. six years old, by Rob Roy; 115 lbs.	-	-	1 1
Mr. Tolson's b. h. four years old, by Ratler; 100 lbs.	-	-	2 2

Won with ease in 8 m. 31 s.

Same day, mile heats.

Mr. Tayloe's ch. h. Tichicus, four years old; 100 lbs. - 1 1

Mr. Brightwell's gr. f. Helen, four years old; 97 lbs. - 3 2

Col. McCarty's b. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Arab; 97 lbs. 2 3

Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 1 m. 57 s.

Track forty feet over a mile.

BALTIMORE (Md.) RACES,

Over the Central Course,—October meeting, 1832, commenced Tuesday 23d.

First day. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, two mile heats, entrance \$500, h. f.—three subscribers.

J. C. Stevens' ch. c. Medoc, by Eclipse, - - - 1 1

Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy; dam by Gallatin, - - - 2 2

J. M. Botts' ch. c. Methodist, by Hotspur, - - - 3 3

Time, first heat, 4 m. 14 s.—second heat, 4 m. 17 s.

Second day, post Sweepstakes for all ages, \$500 entrance, p. p. \$1000 added by the proprietor, four mile heats—four subscribers.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. Andrew, by Sir Charles; dam by

Herod, five years old, 110 lbs. - - - 1 1

J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria, by Eclipse; dam Lady Light-foot, six years old, 112 lbs. - - - 4 2

Bela Badger's b. h. Jackson, by John Richards; dam by Expedition, five years old, 110 lbs. - - - 3 3

J. M. Selden's (Col. Wynn's) b. h. Malcolm, by Sir Charles; dam by Sir Alfred, five years old, 110 lbs. - - - 2 dr.

Time, first heat, 8m. 19 s.—second heat, 8 m. 12 s.

Third day, Proprietor's purse, \$500, two mile heats.

Mr. Tayloe's ch. h. Tichicus, by Clifton; dam by Chance, four years old, 100 lbs. - - - 5 1 1

Gen. Irvine's gr. h. Lara, by Windflower, six years old, 115 lbs. 4 2 2

J. C. Stevens' ch. m. Celeste, by Henry; dam by Duroc, five years old, 107 lbs. - - - 1 4 3

J. C. Craig's ch. m. Lady Relief, by Eclipse; dam Maria Slammerkin, five years old, 107 lbs. - - - 6 6 4

Mr. Hatcher's bl. m. Bonny Black, by young Sir Archy, five years old, 107 lbs. - - - 2 3 5

J. M. Botts' b. m. Jemima, by Ratler, five years old, 107 lbs. 3 5 6

J. M. Selden's b. f. Fanny Kemble, by Monsieur Tonson, three years old, 97 lbs. - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 3 m. 54 s.—second heat, 3 m. 53 s.—third heat 3 m. 55s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1000, four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles; dam by Independence, five years old, 107 lbs. - - - 3 4 1 1

R. F. Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy, four years old, 97 lbs. - - - 1 5 5 2

J. C. Stevens' gr. h. O'Kelly, by Eclipse; dam by Financier, five years old, 110 lbs. - - - 6 1 4 3

Col. Wynn's b. h. Malcolm, by Sir Charles; dam by Sir Alfred, five years old, 110 lbs. - - - 2 6 2

H. A. Tayloe's b. g. Pizarro, by Sir Alfred; dam by Topgallant, five years old, 107 lbs. - - - 4 3 3

Gen. Irvine's ch. h. Busiris, by Eclipse, four years old, 100 lbs. - - - 5 2 dr.

Time, first heat, 8 m. 4 s.—second heat 7 m. 59 s.—third heat, 8 m. 8 s.—fourth heat, 8 m. 12 s.

TURF REGISTER.

THE CUB MARE.

MR. EDITOR: *July 12th, 1832.*

Having just imported the last edition of the Stud Book from England, I am enabled to settle the question, if it be not already settled, in regard to the Cub mare which was imported by Mr. Delancey, of New York.

At page 174, vol. 1, edition of 1827, will be found the **SECOND MARE**, who was the dam of the Cub mare, above referred to—her pedigree runs thus:—Second mare (sister to Leedes) by Second; her dam by Starling; grandam, a sister to Vane's Little Partner, by Partner, (see page 85) out of the Greyhound mare, (sister to Grey;) her dam Brown Farewell, the grandam of Matchem, by Makeless, (see page 73;) Brimmer; Place's White Turk; Dodsworth; Layton Barb mare.

The first produce of the Second mare is recorded thus: "1762, filly by Cub (sold to America) bred by Mr. Leedes."

The communication of "An Old Turfinan," which appeared in the Turf Register, (vol. ii. p. 422) gave the pedigree of the Cub mare as far as the g. g. g. dam, by Partner, which mare was "a sister to Vane's Little Partner"—this extends it through the Greyhound mare to the Layton Barb mare.

Ratler, (Thornton's,) Sumpter, Flying Childers, and Flirtilla, all trace to "the Cub mare," through "the noted running mare Slammerkin;" and their blood will not suffer when compared with that of any other horse in the country. G. B.

THE IMPORTED HORSE PRETENDER.

Spotsylvania, Oct. 1, 1832.

PRETENDER was got by Jinkinson's Old Pretender, he was first called Fireaway; was a celebrated roadster and trotter; he won many trotting matches on the flat country of Norfolk and Lincolnshire fens, at the

rate of sixteen miles an hour. The dam of Young Pretender was an excellent hunter, the property of the Rev. Mr. Pennington, of Alford, in Lincolnshire, of whom I bought him, a two year old colt. I brought him along with Tupp to this country in the fall of 1801. I broke him the fall that he was two years old, and travelled him from Lincolnshire to London, where I shipped him for Norfolk, Va. from thence I travelled him to Mr. Daniel Hyde's farm to whom I sold him. Mr. Hyde being a well informed good man, kept him among the great farmers over the ridge, some years, where he did good among the Dutch mares and to his owner. He was always a healthy sound horse, and an excellent trotter.

WM. SMALLEY.

OCTAVIA, b. f. foaled 1831, property of Charles Tayloe, Esq. of Oaken Brow, Va., by Rockingham; dam Frederica. See vol. ii. p. 463, A. T. R.

RENOVATOR, g. c. foaled 1831, property of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq. of Oakley, Va. by Chichester's Brilliant; dam Indiana. See vol. ii. p. 463, A. T. R.

STAR, (black) by Virginian; dam Betsy Haxall, by Sir Harry, (imported) out of the dam of Timoleon.

Oakland, Mecklenburg, Va. }
MR. EDITOR: *Oct. 5, 1832. }*

DABSTER, imported about the year 1741, got by Hobgoblin; Spanker; Hautboy.

1744. James Haskins.

1745. Cornelius Cox.

1746. John Forster.

The above pedigree was found among the papers of a person many years dead. It is earnestly requested that should it be incorrect, some of your numerous subscribers and correspondents will be able to throw some more light upon the subject.

Mr. Skinner will oblige me by

publishing the above as speedily as possible in the *American Turf Register* and *Sporting Magazine*.

Your humble servants,
P. & C. FOSTER.

—
Pulaski, Tenn.

MARY ELDRIDGE, iron grey, the property of the subscriber, was got by Napoleon II., dam by Pacolet, g. dam by Wonder. Napoleon II. by Pacolet, dam by imported Sir Harry, g. dam by imported Dare Devil, g. g. dam by Batts & Macklins' Fear-nought, g. g. g. dam a Double Janus, out of a full bred mare.

GEO. A. GLOVER.

—
Halifax County, Va. }

Aug. 22, 1832. }

A list of the best bred mares covered the past season by Marion, and their pedigrees annexed.

No. 1. AURORA, a grey, raised by Gov. Wright of Maryland, by Vingt'un, dam Pandora by Grey Diomed.

No. 2. FANTAIL, a brown, by Sir Archy, out of Sally McGhee's dam, and also dam of Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill last spring.

No. 3. AMAGAZA, bay, by imported Chance, dam by Carolinian; Chanticleer; Flimnap; Fearnought; Old Janus, &c.

No. 4. EFFIE DEANS, bay, (by Farmer's Florizel, by Ball's Florizel, dam by Clockfast,) grandam by Jones' Cœur-de-Lion; Robin Redbreast; Dare Devil; Porto; Obscurity; Miss Slammerkin, by Wildair.—Imported mare Cub, half sister to the imported horse Gift.

No. 5. LADY BEDFORD, bay, foaled 1810, (vide *Turf Register*,) by Bedford, dam by Dare Devil, by Mercury, by Apollo, by Jolly Roger, out of the Grenville imported mare.

No. 6. A pale bay, four years old, by American Eclipse; dam Lady Bedford.

No. 7. SALLY NAILOR, chestnut, 19 years old, by Florizel; dam by Alderman; Wildair.

No. 8. Bay mare, 17 years old, by Potomac; dam by Dragon; Silverheels, by Liberty, &c.

No. 9. NANCY DAWSON, a bay, 12 years old, by Eagle; Bellair, &c.

No. 10. A bay roan mare, 14 years old, by Ball's Florizel; by Robin Redbreast; Porto. See Effie Deans, No. 4.

No. 11. HANNAH, a bay mare, 10 years old, by Moore's Archy; dam by Buchannan's Medley; Old Celer; Hector.

No. 12. A chestnut mare, by Thaddeus; dam by Muzzle Diomed.

No. 13. A dark bay mare, three years old, by Van Tromp; dam Amagaza—No. 3.

No. 14. A black mare, 8 years old, by the Arabian horse Bagdad.

No. 15. A chestnut mare, eleven years old, by Constitution; dam by Ragland's Diomed.

No. 16. A chestnut mare — years old, by Clay's Sir William, out of No. 15.

No. 17. RACHEL FOSTER, a grey, by Virginian; dam by Palafox; Betty Mafti, by imported Mufti, &c.

No. 18. MAID OF CORINTH, a bay, by Virginian; dam by Sir Archy; Quick Step; Americus; Aristotle, &c.

No. 19. A chestnut mare, by Fairplay, (son of Old Citizen,) and dam of Red Rover.

No. 20. A chestnut mare, 5 years old, by Escape; dam by Eaton's Columbus; Eaton's Little Janus; Garrick; Apollo; Moore's Partner; Jolly Roger; Mary Gray, &c.

No. 21. A bay mare, 7 years old, by Edmondson's Janus; dam Lauriston, out of a Quicksilver mare.

No. 22. A chestnut mare, by Potomac; dam a Citizen mare.

No. 23. A chestnut mare, by Director; dam by Oscar, and traces down to Old Warning, and has a Gimcrack cross in her.

No. 24. A chestnut mare, by Edmondson's Janus, 8 years old; dam by Zilamon; Quicksilver, &c.

No. 25. A grey mare, 11 years old, by Farmer's Florizel; dam by Quicksilver.

I do certify the foregoing list of twenty-five mares was taken from the Stud Book of Marion, for the

last season, who served ninety-five mares. By publishing the above in your Register, some advantages may be afforded the public, and you will oblige,
Yours, respectfully,

JAMES SNEED.

BAJAZET, young, by Bajazet; dam a Janus mare; bred by Mr. Barrington Moore of North Carolina.

BELLARIA, by Bellair; dam Sweetest, (bred by Alexander Spotswood, and got in England,) by Tattersall's Highflyer; Virago, Mr. Hyde's noted imported mare.

BAJAZET, or **LITTLE DEVIL**, by Dare Devil; dam Miss Fauntleroy, by Wildair; grandam Muslinface, by Yorick; Jenny Cameron; Childers; Traveller, &c.

BEDLAMITE, filly, by Comorant; dam Madcap, (bred by H. O'Kelly, Esq. in England,) by Anvil, out of O'Kelly's Madcap by Eclipse; Blank; Blaze; Greyhound; Curwen Bay Barb, &c.

CORNWALLIS, by Florizel, dam out of Dr. Edelen's Floretta.

CALYPSO, full sister to Bellair, by Medley; dam Selima, by Yorick.

CHARLEMAGNE, by old Wildair; dam Romulus, by Mark Antony, out of Judge Tyler's Pompadour, by Valiant, out of Col. Byrds' imported mare Jane Cameron.

CHARLOTTE PACE (West's) by Sir Archy.

CAMDEN, by old Janus; dam Poll Haxen, by Jolly Roger, out of a high bred mare.

CASWELL, by Sir William; dam by Bedford, and brother to Giles Scroggins.

CINDERELLA, by old Duroc; (dam Maid of the Oaks, by Spread Eagle,) and own sister to Marshal Duroc.

CONFESSOR, by Shark; dam Fluvia, by Partner, (out of the dam of the famous mare Oracle,) and grandam of Skyscraper.

DIOMED EAGLE, by imported Eagle; dam by Diomed; grandam (the dam of Tuckahoe) by Alderman; by Clockfast; by Wildair, out of Kitty Fisher.

ECLIPSE; (Maryland) dam Lady of the Lake; grandam Maid of the Oaks.

FITZ MEDLEY, by Medley, out of a Dandridge and Fearnought mare.

FLORIZEL, (imported) by Florizel; dam by Alfred; grandam Ruth's Blackeyes, by Crab, out of the Warlock Galloway, by Snake.

FIGURE, by imported Figure; dam Col. Brent's noted mare Ebony.

FORTUNATUS, by Conway's Black and all Black; dam a full bred mare, by Col. Tayloe's Yorick.

FIGURE, (young,) by imported Highflyer; dam by old Figure; grandam by Camillus; by General Nelson's Rockingham.

FEDERALIST, by Lath; dam by Fearnought, out of Col. Tasker's imported Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

GALLANT, by Fearnought, out of a Stately mare.

GRENADIER, by Wilkes; (by Figure) dam by Selim; grandam by Britannia; by Childers; by Hero; by Bastock.

GESTION, by Spread Eagle; dam Stella.

HARRIS' ECLIPSE, by Fearnought, out of Baylor's imported Shakspeare mare.

HAIL STORM, by Pantaloon; dam Wingyfeet, by Jolly Roger, by imported Jolly Roger; grandam Melpomene by Burwell's Traveller; Virginia by Mark Antony, out of Polly Byrd.

HEATH'S CHILDERS, by Fearnought; dam an imported mare (bought of Wildman,) by Bajazet; grandam by Babraham; Sedbury; by Childers, called Lord Portmore's Ebony.

HAPHAZARD, by Collector, full brother to Snapdragon.

JUNIOUS, by Yorick; dam by Othello; grandam by Monkey, out of the Spanish mare imported by the father of Mr. N. Harrison.

JULIA, by Spread Eagle; dam Calypso, by Medley.

LAUREL, by Fearnought, out of a Fearnought mare.

LITTLE DAVID, by imported Childers; dam Jenny Cameron. (imported) by Monkey; grandam by Lord Longsdale's bay Arabian; Coneyskins; Dodsworth; D'Arcy's

LONGSDALE, by Jolly Roger; dam Royal mare.

CORRECTIONS, &c.

V. iv. No. 1, p. 42, line 5, Plaister read *Plaistow*; line 15, Miss Elliot by Partner, read *Grisewood's Partner*; 23, Flimnap's dam by Cartouch, read by *Cygnat*; 29, Squirrel by imported *Traveller*, read by *Old Traveller*; Osbaldeston's, foaled in 1735 by Partner; Almanzor; Grey Hautboy; Makeless; Brimmer. He won many plates, and got many winners; sire of Squirrel, Dainty Davy, &c. Young Traveller, Coatsworth's, by Traveller; Bartlett's Childers, Durham's grey mare, &c. Imported Traveller, Moreton's, by Partner, out of bay Bloody Buttocks, foaled in 1747—he was indeed old enough to have got Squirrel, but as Weatherby gives that credit to Old Traveller, it should not be taken from him without proof. 35. Crab, own brother to Snip, read Crab, by Alcock's Arabian, out of Snip's dam, by Basto. 43. Othello, imported 1757—8, see page 55, imported in 1755—6. Valiant and Harris' Eclipse, have each been stated to be sire of Goode's famous Brimmer. When I was a boy, and knew Eclipse, his claims were not disputed; and they are now fully sustained, I think. A. T. R. v. ii. p. 27. Page 45. Robin Redbreast a capital runner in England, I prefer this reading, "he ran but little, but that was very good." Slender, own brother again to Highflyer, read brother in blood; he did not come of Rachel, but of her sister Ruth. Same page. Jenny Cameron by Fox, out of Miss Belvoir. Mr. Weatherby has not placed her among Miss Belvoir's produce in his G. S. B. edition of 1803 or 1827, and he seems to take very little care of the stock sent to America. Page 46. Gimcrack by Cripple, dam Miss Elliot by Partner, out of Grey Brocklesby, an Arabian, read Miss Elliot by Grisewood's Partner, Celia by Partner; Bloody Buttocks; Greyhound; Brocklesby Betty, by Curwen's bay Barb; Leede's Hobby mare by the Lister Turk. P. 47. Citizen. Ruth's, read *Routh's* Blackeyes. P. 50. Duroc. Sloe, by imported Partner. Query. Were not Sloe and Rockingham full brothers, out of imported Blossom, and by the American horse Partner, "the best son of Traveller, and out of imported Selima?" Same page. Gimcrack, best grandson of Godolphin Arabian. The friends of Old Matchem may be permitted to controvert that claim. Same page. Sir Charles, the Commutation mare *now* has a Mark Antony mare for her dam. Mr. Editor, Sir Charles is a horse of acknowledged worth, and in all such cases a pedigree printed and published for years, should not be overturned by opinions. Give us proof; the breeder's name and his certificate, or an extract from his books. P. 53. Pacific, at \$30 in Kentucky, read in Davidson, Tenn. Sir Henry Tonson, \$25 in Kentucky, read at Gallatin, Tenn. Yemen, the Arabian, in Tennessee, not so; he is probably in South Carolina. P. 52. Gohanna by Sir Archy, out of Merino Ewe, by imported Jack Andrews; Spot, by Bedford; Cade, (a son of Moreton's Traveller, out of Edward Carter's impoted mare by Alfred;) Squirt; Crab. By this reading the Cade mare is made to come of the Squirt, which contradicts the record; see vol. i. p. 111. Remove the last arm of the parenthesis up from Alfred to Traveller, and we have it as heretofore, Cade, (son of Traveller) and leaves him as heretofore without a known dam. This difficulty is left for the solution of the friends of Gohanna and American Eclipse, for it has afforded no little perplexity to

PANTON.

Vol. iii. p. 638—in the stud of H. Baldwin, for *Gatromina*, read *Galsomina*.